

Erich Segal's own great love story: himself  
Bruce Hutchison's challenging national survival plan  
Eric Kierans tells the truth about Trudeau

JULY 1971

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



35¢

# Macleans



DAN GEORGE: profile of a bigger than big man



# June 28 to July 4 The Canadian Open 71

See the most exciting golf action of the year as Peter Jackson presents the Canadian Open Championship, June 28 to July 4 at Richelieu Valley Golf and Country Club, near Montreal. You can follow the champions - top players like Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, Doug Sanders, Canada's George Knudson and Al Balding, and many others competing for big money - ... a total purse of \$150,000! The Canadian Open is conducted by the Royal Canadian Golf Association. This is golf at its very best!



## The Peter Jackson Golf Tour makes History!

Peter Jackson is offering unprecedented encouragement to Canadian pro golfers with a series of seven regional tournaments. The Peter Jackson Golf Tour will give Canadian golfers competitive experience plus the financial incentive of \$75,000 prize money. Top Canadian pro in each event automatically qualifies for next Canadian Open.

Peter Jackson Ontario Open, Kingston G. & C.C., Toronto	June 27-28
Peter Jackson Quebec Open, Sunnyside G. & C.C., Montreal	June 29-30
Peter Jackson Atlantic Open, Wrentham G. & C.C.	July 1-2
Peter Jackson Manitoba Open, Rosemead G.C., Winnipeg	July 15-17
Peter Jackson Saskatchewan Open, Regina Golf Club	July 23-25
Peter Jackson Alberta Open, Calgary G. & C.C.	July 29-31
Peter Jackson B.C. Open, Abbotsford G.C., Vancouver	Aug. 6-8

## Remember when Sun Life simply handled Life Insurance?

Now we can do so much more to help with your financial planning.

Today, having a Sun Life man as your representative is like having a personal financial consultant; ready, willing and able to advise you at any time.

In all forms of individual life insurance - both whole life and term products - in group insurance, in retirement planning, in Electronic Family Security Programming, in Disability-Sun Income, and in Sun Fund equity based annuity policies, your Sun Life representative gives you the kind of service you need for orderly planning of your financial affairs.

Yes, your Sun Life man is a life insurance expert. But he is much, much more than that. His training can be invaluable to you. He can help you make the most of your resources. You'll find him professional in his approach and completely aware that it is your hard earned dollars he is handling.



Have a quiet talk with a Sun Life representative.

**SunLife**  
OF CANADA



## THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY STEVEN LANGDON

It's a great springtime and a pretty fair summertime, too—especially after a wintering winter such as this last one. As the leaves return on the trees, and the grass and the flowers color the country, I can feel myself relax and just peacefully enjoy the weather. It just so happens that about nearly everything I see the NDP.

I look down from the Press Gallery, and David Lewis is standing up, pecking out his argument effectively, and it seems that the NDP might be about to come of age, about to prove that that powerful alternative to Liberalism is too slowly perceived to be. But then I think back to the April convention that chose Lewis as leader of the NDP. I remember the scarp-wound divisions of that Waffle-to-Waffle priming, and I wonder.

Demerit socialist parties have always represented unusual conduct. The British Labor Party had its fascist group on the left, the Swedes had Gaid hard left groupings in their governing NDP. But there's more to the NDP Waffle than that—or so it seemed as I watched the convention convulsions this spring. The Wafflers were no longer the unaffiliated jockey group of their 1969 beginnings, and the anti-Wafflers, especially the labor activists, were far more willing in their attitudes than ever before. An angry split was ordered. What was it all about?

Enlaid with Arne Pieslak, a tall, tough, stocky worker's organizer. He's young, articulate and typical of the anti-Waffle elements. "All of us," he said me, "had a real frustration. For 18 years we've been knocking ourselves out to build this party. Now, suddenly, we wake up and we realize we have to really break through in the next few years. Otherwise we'll all get fed up. This explains the bad feelings and the harsh words at many of the conventions here. They think the Waffle is stopping us from making the breakthrough now that we have a chance — and now that conditions in Canada are showing young people how much we need an NDP government."

The second point is crucial. The labor movement in Canada has increasingly under siege. Plant shutdowns are throwing thousands out of work, provincial governments are enacting tight anti-labor laws, and Pierre Trudeau is trying to make the unions a scapegoat for his own failure to keep the economy running smoothly. In these circumstances, labor feels again this over state urgency about electing an NDP government.

Trade unions are rarely drunks. "The cause of the pain," as mechanist leader Harold Thayer put it during one convention debate, "is winning votes." Arne Kube of the Canadian Labor Congress puts it this way: "We gave into the phantoms and the revival had anyone refuse to join the NDP because it wasn't radical enough?" To the labor activists, the

Waffle's insistence on a more radical party is honest. They want just the opposite. They want to modernize the party's image "because we must defeat power!"

After the Wafflers' more than respectable showing in the leadership balloting, Ken Norrish, a young Edmonton electrician, shouted at me: "Just watch now. Young people all across this country are going to flock to this party in the next few months." That comment says a great deal about the future of the Waffle. For one thing, it belies the accusation that the Wafflers are purists who are unconcerned with power. On the contrary, the Wafflers are power oriented; they wish to attract thousands more Canadians to the NDP. But, more than that, the comment speaks to Arne Kube's argument that among the people he works with no one expects the NDP to remain a radical enough. Exactly the opposite, as it seems, is true for many of the people in the Waffle.

Among the young in this country, especially the students, the dominant political mood is cynicism: a belief that all political parties are equally uncaring and indifferent. It's a cynicism that Pierre Trudeau himself helped to create in 1968, with his apologetic style and his talk of the Just Society. But it has returned once more strongly with the disillusionment over Trudeau's performance. This is the cynicism in which Waffle supporters live. They are constantly being told that the NDP seems too moderate, too similar to the old-line parties. It's a natural, then, that the Waffle should be trying to make the NDP more radical, more aggressive, to differentiate it from other parties, to make it more appealing to the young.

The Waffle sent a throwback to the Thirties, a return to the old-line rhetoric of the Reform Movement. It is a movement that represents contemporary social currents in our society — different currents but currents just as real as those the usual politicians respond to. So the Wafflers push the party to pursue tougher action on Amalgamation; they call for maximum government take-over of industry — to reverse foreign ownership and to give workers a role in running their factories; they push the NDP to get closely involved with protest movements.

— from Workers' Life to poor people's groups, and they argue in favor of Quebec's right to self-determination. To all of which the uncensored reply is an unapologetic "Waffle!"

Obviously, there is a conflict between the currents that drive the Waffle and those that direct the interests. An explosive conflict, so the convention witnessed. And it's the fundamental nature of the conflict that makes the Waffle and Waffle divisions within the NDP so serious. Quiet meetings between David Lewis and Waffle leadership candidate Susan Lenz, such as those Lewis has arranged since the convention in April, could really come to grips with a confrontation of conflicting personal aims and conflicting conceptions of values. And yet when the NDP there is still the hope that these two commitments, worked if only in their own minds, modern capitalism, can coexist a tough, commercial alternative to the status quo. It will take a lot of mutual understanding among Wafflers and anti-Wafflers. But it is in the patience of the young, the NDP can "go itself together." I'd like to think of a compromise opened that it might put new life into our politics. ■

Steven Langdon is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

## THE TWO POLITICAL PARTIES OF DAVID LEWIS



## It isn't just a question of Dark or Light

That's why Captain Morgan became Canada's best-selling Rums.

There's a lot more to Captain Morgan Rums than just a change of colour. In fact, Captain Morgan Rums are blended from over one hundred different rums — each carefully aged to achieve a precise quality and flavour. Captain Morgan Black is blended with the richest of Demerara Rums. Goes great with cola.

Captain Morgan White brings together the finest of the light Rums. Perfect for cocktails and Rum Coolers.



Captain Morgan Gold was created to bring a deep, rich flavour to your favourite Rum drinks.

Captain Morgan De Luxe — an exquisite blend of the world's finest rums.

Four Captain Morgan rums. Each with its own distinctive character. Make friends with them. They're as memorable as their name.

**Captain Morgan Rums**

A legend in their own time

# THE BOAC 747



**OUR NEW SUMMER  
ATTRACTION  
STARTS JULY 11**

**in which we serve**  
as we've never been able to serve before.

We are launching an extensive newspaper, magazine and outdoor advertising campaign for our beautiful new 747. Served by a special television commercial and several memorable radio commercials. Because we want everyone in Canada to know about the latest proud addition to our international fleet.

And every advertisement will urge the public to contact you, their travel agent. Daily service begins from Montreal and Toronto to London on July 11th, and will be available right through October 30th. And it won't be too long before you can book your clients on BOAC 747 flights to Africa and Australia, too.



**BOAC 747**  
to London every night  
from Toronto 8:50 p.m.  
from Montreal 9:45 p.m.



## THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A. BY TOM BUTSON

Canada's oil industry — that's the one headquartered in Rockefeller Plaza, London and Houston, with branch offices in Toronto and Calgary — isn't making many headlines these days.

The good ship MacKenzie is far, far away from the Canadian Arctic carrying crude from the Persian Gulf to Europe. Joe Greene's MacKenzie Valley Pipeline seems a distant four-billion-dollar dream — but little more. The smart money in New York and Fairbanks says that the final Alaska pipeline is certain to be approved eventually and built, the only question is when.

Oh, Imperial Oil has found another gusher way up there in the land of the wood buffalo and the wood Cree. And Panenergy is still looking for the golden dome that elsewhere has sent suddenly quiet American interest in Canadian crude. But declined to discuss, propelling to the decline in tanker rates from the Middle East — to the point where the quota on Canadian imports, which President Nixon was pressured into raising just a few months ago, is not now being raised up by American officials.

The quiet before the storm, perhaps?

As Joe Greene suggested 18 months ago, oil is just part of the whole continental energy package. It is wrapped up intimately with natural gas, far which the United States, particularly the northeastern section, is hungry. It is wrapped up with electricity and, probably, with water, for which most of the United States is hungry. And in that budget for energy, Americans — spent without exception — take a sentimental view of available and potential resources. It shows up in all sorts of subtle ways. For example, a newspaper discussing declining U.S. oil reserves, publishes a map that shows the Alaskan oil sands, Alberta's proven fields and the potential fields in the Arctic, Hudson Bay and off the east coast, as an integral part of the picture.

The future shock to the energy picture will hit us when and if the international oil picture shows how bleak it is and when and if those Canadian potentials are realized. That, it could be 10 or 15 years away. But if this seems far distant, remember that it was just 15 years ago that a disagreement over the tactics used by C. D. Howe and his cronies to bully through another pipeline sharply dropped Canada out of the King-St. Laurent technocracy into the gully days of the Diefenbaker interregnum. Conflict between American businessmen's plans for disposal of oil (that American-owned companies produce) and increasingly nationalistic Canadian governments, worried about depletion of natural resources, seems certain.

Not that those American executives should be placated at sharing Wall Street tycoons of the Jay Gould calibre. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are believed and

reasonable men, anxious to do what is just and fair for their stockholders and not unaware of their duty to society as a whole. And by a stroke of irony, perhaps the most influential of them all, J. Kenneth Harrison, chairman and chief executive officer of Amstar/Imperial Oil of New Jersey — the parent company of Canada's Imperial Oil — is himself a Canadian. Moreover, he is surrounded at Imray by a cadre of Canadians (and Americans who have worked in Canada) who know the scene and the suits.

Remember, a quiet engineer from Medicine Hat, by way of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is that sort of Canadian exemplified by another MIT grad, the late Robert J. Winters. To rush men over 4,000-mile undeclared border is also invisible. After all, apart from a slightly larger playing scene, what difference is there between Toronto's Knickerbocker Gold Club and the Woodport Forest Golf Club in Westchester, N.Y.? However's the attitude to cross-border economic affairs can be passed from his own cross-border career. Explaining why he became an American citizen, he said: "It was from no last love of Canada but because I was making my living in this country and would have to deal with American government officials." Later he added: "You must realize that Jersey is truly an international company. Other companies may give lip service to the concept, but here a man's nationality doesn't count."

The problem that Harrison and his fellow internationalists face is not simple. For the conflict could arise in two ways over changes that American-dominated companies are infusing into Canada's resources without sufficient benefit to Canadians, or over charges that they are gaining relatively high prices. Canadian oil, in fact of charges, has publicly negative Alaska crude.

There are all sorts of major variations such as pollution that could produce difficulty, particularly in the case of Prince Maurice Trudeau's apparent intention to preserve the ecological integrity of the Arctic. Natural gas presents a whole host of resource hazards problems, involving such things as how to cope with the huge Canadian winter demand and yet secure enough Canadian gas to help foster industrial growth, at the same time exporting enough to keep Canada's potential balance of payments difficulty, so-called the United States, in check.

But all this crystal ball scrutinizing may not yet have raised perhaps the most serious possibility considered — and it is an area that 160 years ago produced the first sparks of the protest of American Revolt to Canada's independence, the War of 1812. Some time this summer a couple of little shipwrecks in the gullies with alternative electronic gear and trying not to disturb the contemporary Alaska tanker or unspoken conflict, will put out from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to probe the Alaskan gas ships to the great oil field. Many experts are certain but off the eastern coast of North America. Simultaneously, other services are going on off the Canadian coastline.

Again, if and when a big discovery is made, and if its location — as it is likely possible — is in waters claimed by both the State of Maine and Canada, the fact over Joe Greene's MacKenzie Valley Pipeline and Arctic tanker routes will seem very low indeed. Very low indeed, indeed. ■

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.

THE  
THINGS  
JOE GREENE  
NEVER  
TOLD  
YOU  
ABOUT  
OIL



## THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC BY CLAUDE LEMELIN

Looking back behind Robert Bourassa, the chief architect and vigorous proponent of the constitutional stand to be taken by the Quebec Premier at the next constitutional conference, is Claude Castonguay, the province's 43-year-old Minister of Social Affairs and Canada's top social engineer. As Castonguay's attitudes, recognition of the province's perennial political and even racial policy has become the crucial test of Canada's ability to accommodate the special constitutional needs of Quebec.

That the crux should have come over social policy could have surprised only those unfamiliar with Quebec's political history. Old tensions still recall with historic bite, in the Fortin, Premier Adélard Godbout "held out" by accepting a constitutional amendment that enabled Ottawa to exact unemployment insurance — a gesture many people outside Quebec considered most enlightening. Quebec's claim to "social solidarity" was revived once again in the 1950s by Maurice Duplessis who appointed a royal commission under Chief Justice Thémis Taschereau to provide his Union Nationale government with fresh legal ammunition. Yet to back up his claim for a new constitutional role, the newly-elected Liberal Premier Jean Lesage did not hesitate to table the Tremblay Commission's report at the very first federal-provincial conference he attended in 1960. It was over a social security program — the pension plan that Lesage "traded" an open split with Lester Pearson's Liberal government, and after the defeat of the Liberals in 1966, it was over another social security program — education — that the Union Nationale government under Louis David Johnson and Jean-Jacques Bertrand, wrangled successfully with Ottawa.

So Claude Castonguay stands very much in the mainstream of Quebec politics: he is the only one of Bourassa's ministers who has earned the respect and even the sympathy of opposition parties, including the Parti Québécois. But Castonguay has added in many new twists to the old line that it is heretofore inextinguishable. Whereas most previous Quebec politicians based their claim for wider jurisdiction over social policy on legal or metaphysical arguments, Castonguay's rests on solid historical grounds. Whereas the Tremblay Commission, for instance, wanted Ottawa out of the way merely to preserve Quebec's antiquated and often downright reactionary welfare system, Castonguay wants the freedom to implement one of the most comprehensive blueprints for social reform in the modern world. Report to the Royal Commission on Health and Welfare over which he presided prior to his entry into politics.

Castonguay's approach to social policy, though social in compass and a commitment to equity is, entirely pragmatic and crisply economical: to bring a real, measurable man stepped in the hope of irreparable. He first became

interested in social problems in a student society at Laval University and, later, the University of Manitoba. In 1962, after some years with private insurance companies, he scrubbed himself to a consultant and became involved some after with the task force that drew up the Quebec Pension Plan. That battle over the basic features of the Quebec plan went finally adopted by the rest of the country after a political row of the first magnitude. Castonguay was asked by the Quebec government to prepare a preliminary report on health insurance which led to his appointment by Daniel Johnson, in 1966 as chairman of the royal commission that bears his name.

A decade of involvement in social policy-making has convinced Castonguay that the impasse between jurisdictions between Ottawa and the provinces is both inefficient and counter-productive. "Welfare programs work at cross-purposes," he claims. "Because fairly obviously, we are incapable of being sufficiently flexible for fairly changes, we are unable to build effective work themselves in our general welfare programs, social power programs operate independently of other social services, and so on." Central to this thesis is the assumption that social policy is an integrated whole and that, consequently, social planning can only be undertaken effectively by a single constitutional authority. What does Castonguay mean by social policy? At the federal-provincial conference on health and welfare last January, he defined its scope as encompassing income security schemes (including old-age pensions and family allowances), health and welfare services, manpower policies, housing and leisure. The ultimate goals of these wide-ranging programs are essentially the same: to give the Quebec resident, to put a floor under poverty on the part of a guaranteed minimum annual income, to reduce to a minimum the dependence of the poor upon government support and to equalize opportunities.

While Ottawa has over the constitutional challenge, Castonguay has been busy reworking Quebec's health and welfare administration. He has also taken upon himself the reform of Quebec's professional associations, which have traditionally been much more amenable to presenting the social interests of their members than to shielding the public against often unscrupulous exploitation, and the first not be the chosen to crack in the toughest of all the social problems.

All this makes Claude Castonguay a rather unconventional politician to live with. He lacks of appreciation for the virtues of post-bunking his made him unpopular with several of his colleagues in the Quebec National Assembly, many a high-placed Liberal back in having second thoughts about his political usefulness. Moreover, the Trudeau government is well aware that if anyone can drive a wedge into its plans to force Quebec into line, Castonguay is the man most likely to do it. But if Castonguay is, at least in some quarters, unpopular, he is also imperishable, playing the game of cabinet solidarity with the resources he applies to everything. He will allow himself to say only, "It is conceivable that my personal opinions annoy some people. All I can say is that a lot of Quebecers share them."

Another René Lévesque in the making? Not quite. At least, not yet. ■

Claude Lemelin is an associate editor of *Movement* & *Le Devoir*.

## Avis is doing its bit about Canadian Ownership.



Avis is 80% owned right here in Canada.

If you believe all the newspaper headlines you read these days, you'd think that the Americans are gobbling up Canadian industry so fast, there soon won't be anything left.

Avis is pleased to be able to buck the trend.

Avis Transport of Canada Ltd. (the sole owner of the Avis franchise in Canada) is 80% owned right here in Canada.

By Canadians.

And as far as we're concerned that makes us a real, honest-to-goodness Canadian company. Period.

The other 20%?

That is owned by the Americans. (The Avis Rent A Car System, Inc. to be exact.)

And we're proud of that too, because, although 80% is only a minority interest, it gives our customers instant access to the world wide network of Avis reservation centres.

(Which means you can call your local Avis office and reserve one of our sparkling new 1971 Chrysler-built cars or trucks in Albany or Albuquerque as simply as you'd reserve one in your hometown. And do it through Avis all the way.)

So, next time you need to rent or lease a car or truck, how about giving a Canadian company a chance?

**Avis. We try harder.  
From sea to shining sea.**

Avis features a wide choice of 1971 Plymouth and Dodge cars - Dodge and Fargo Trucks. For information or reservations contact your local Avis office.

## Overseas Phone...The next best thing to Mum's Yorkshire pudding.



You can phone England today for as little as \$4.50.\* It's fast, easy, and cheap.

In fact you can reach anyone almost anywhere via Overseas Phone. It costs less than you think.

Your Telephone Company serves you through the facilities of CANADIAN OVERSEAS TELECOMMUNICATION CORPORATION.

\*EXCEPTION TO RATE: BETWEEN 5 P.M. AND 9 A.M. AND ALL DAY SUNDAY

## Nikolai Vodka—the pride of Scotland and 39 other Countries.



Vodka?  
The Scots have a word for it: Nikolai. For Scotland, like a host of other countries, has adopted this smooth and subtle vodka for its own.

Now Nikolai is available in Canada. At last.



**NIKOLAI VODKA**

NEW IN CANADA  
Imported and bottled in Canada  
by Colson of Canada Ltd.

## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

THE remarkable open letter to Pierre Trudeau featured in this issue is Bruce Hutchison's 1926 article for *Maclean's* while it codifies the authority and beauty of language that have always made his writings both provocative and evocative, there is an added element which makes this story one of the most important he has ever written: this time out Hutchison tells an urgent concern for the future existence of his country and poses some tough questions for the Prime Minister to answer.

Having kept a watchful brief over Canadian prime ministers since the death of Arthur Meighen and Mackenzie King, and having acted as a personal confidant at least three of them, Hutchison has depicted his new tale of a possible, tentatively that one political leader elected on a certain policy will do the precise opposite when he is in office. "At these Canadans," Hutchison says and speaking of the six prime ministers he has personally known, served the nation as best they could, earned small gratitude and faced their great works largely ignored, while their blunders were recorded in *LeDevoir*.

Service politicians, both in Ottawa and Washington recognize in Hutchison no mere visitor of power but a serious journalist who knows how to keep secrets, they have trusted him with some extraordinary confidences.

Sir Rennie, the publisher of the *Vancouver Sun* who then held the same position at the *Victoria Times*, recalls a rainy afternoon in 1961, when Hutchison returned from one of his periodic visits to Washington. His highest contacts had somehow leaked the details on the upcoming attack by Rex Venture into Cuba. After briefing Rennie and some of the newspaper's senior editors about the U.S. invasion plans, Bruce swore them to secrecy in typical Hutchisonian style. "Now look, fellows, this story must never go beyond these four walls. Don't ever tell your wives. Jesus Christ! So, just think what Nikolai Khvostitch would have given to have been in the office for the past 30 minutes!" Only when his listeners solemnly promised not to transmit the facts to the Russian Prime Minister did Hutchison's voice usually relaxed.

We hope that Bruce Hutchison will continue to share his political insights — and perhaps even the occasional attack secret — with *Maclean's* readers for many years to come. ■



# The longer the cigarette the cooler the smoke.

Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's.  
Now milder than ever  
and still the same price  
as ordinary menthols.  
Menthol or filter.





## This is one of Canada's most important rivers.

It's the TransCanada Pipeline system—a river of natural gas energy flowing into 888 Canadian communities.

It's also one of Canada's longest rivers, 3,797 miles. Alberta's natural gas fields are its source. From there, it flows eastward at 15 miles an hour, 24 hours a day. And every day, two and a half billion cubic feet of clean-burning natural gas improve the quality of life in 1,300,000 Canadian homes, businesses and industries.

More than 1200 Canadians work full-time on the system. And another 10,000 are helping to facilitate overall expansion. They're working for Canadian gas producers, manufacturers, suppliers, railroads and pipeline contractors.

Gas consumption on the system is growing at a

rate of 15% a year. Our total investment to date is \$694,000,000. And each year we expect to add an average of \$100,000,000 in new investment.

We help local government, too. Last year, for example, we paid \$5,460,000 in provincial and municipal taxes in five Canadian provinces.

We're owned by nearly 30,000 shareholders, 88% of whom live in Canada and hold 95% of the common shares.

The TransCanada system exists to move Canadian natural gas to Canadian markets at the lowest possible cost to the Canadian user in a manner fair to the producers, consumers and investors. And it helps bind Canada together at the bargain.

No wonder the TransCanada Pipeline is one of Canada's most important rivers.



TransCanada Pipeline





## Something we've been saving for the light drinker.

Today's light drinkers have minds of their own. They like moderation and informality—and the kind of light, risible rye that goes with them. Times aren't what they used to be. But, unfortunately, most Canadian whiskies still are.

But not Triple Crown. Taste it. You'll be surprised. It comes like you've always wanted a rye to taste.

Triple Crown is made for you by the Black Velvet Canadian Whisky Company—a division of Otley Canada Limited.



## Triple Crown.



I think that Peter Newman is definitely leading in the right direction in his effort to make *Maclean's* a true reflection of Canada, and I extend sincere best wishes for success in this great undertaking.

PETER JOSEPH & SMALLWOOD, ST. JOHN'S

✱ I must confess that I had concerns about the possibility of even Peter Newman finding a place in Canada for *Maclean's*, but as my return last night from 10 days in the wilderness I read through the May issue and my concerns have dissolved. I would not have believed it possible for a magazine to start so quickly, completely and beautifully. I was delighted that there is an unexpected but very pertinent fact that Canada will again have a highly relevant, national magazine.

RALPH HEDDER, TORONTO

✱ Regarding the May issue, good work! Keep it up! *Maclean's* is now being sustained by good works rather than mere faith.

DAVID NOCK, BULLY HILL, MARIH, ONT.

✱ As one of what I am sure must be a substantial group of Canadians for whom a subscription to *Maclean's* has been a way of life for many years, I like to remember, I can assure you that even if the content had shown any sign of deterioration I would have continued on the subscription. By Hepply, I can indicate that I find the new presentation a substantial improvement, quite apart from increased excellence of content, and offer my sincere congratulations.

J. A. BALOGH, MONTREAL

✱ I have just read your May issue, and I feel as I have felt when I have returned to Canada from some foreign and when I read The *Stigma* on the westward, "Canada's National Magazine." It is a pleasure to be the first I have felt it to be in recent years. *Maclean's* will again be a publication one can read with pride to people in other countries, if the standard set by the first issue under Peter Newman's editorship is maintained, as I am sure it will be. This is our Canadian who

harbors the hope that his eight-generation great-grandchildren will cherish Canada as Newman obviously does.

ELMER E. BOPPA, EDMONTON

✱ Peter Newman's comments on the direction he hopes to take *Maclean's* struck a responsive chord with me. I agree fully that there are many potential stories in Canada which have not been tapped. I am confident that in the May issue you have well and truly begun the search for these stories and that *Maclean's* will reflect the spirit and flavor of Canada.

FRANKIE WILLIAM E. BAYNE, TORONTO

✱ I write to congratulate you and to thank you most warmly for the efforts you are making to bring your great old magazine up to a higher standard in a voice of Canada. I have lived from St. John's to Victoria, and I love and adore this great country of ours. I do not always expect to believe, and support all you print, but think problems you are trying to publish as informative and dignified magazine. Canada is not wrong about everything, you know, and a great many people are getting fed up with those who arrogantly bury in all the "topicality" at the back of their

R. M. WATSON, VICTORIA

✱ By reason of geographic distance there can be no national newspaper to cover national events of topical interest and give a total Canadian perspective. The new *Maclean's* may well be the signpost of essential reading for Canadians in these troubled and divided times.

I. H. MACDONALD, TORONTO

✱ The greatest contribution your magazine can make to those of us who love Canada with a fervent passion is to foster appreciation of our country and our citizens. This should be accomplished not by sneering, which seems to be the pseudo-intellectual's usual quest for anything original, but rather by proving us positive, convincing and convincing articles.

MRS. ELLENHURST COLEMAN, KILGINTON, ONT.

✱ Frankly, I quit reading *Maclean's* some time ago. It did not touch me (maybe I'm getting old), and it seemed to try to be too many things for too many people, and left me with the impression that it was a very "bored-and-poor" magazine. But I think that Peter Newman is on the right track. I know that we shall subscribe to *Maclean's* again (even though I can not in total agreement with Newman's view as Canadian

nationalists). Anyway, congratulations on the first issue. You have good reason to be proud of it.

PETER MCINTOSH, WINNIPEG

### If films can't think...

I find it difficult to believe that any man who would write "print is the repository of human history and it either reflects human consciousness or it creates it," as John Holman did in his column *Man comes first by itself alone* (May), could be a competent film critic. If he thinks that by his very nature film is incapable of transmitting complex and subtle thought, why is he wasting his time examining it?

R. O. WARD, BRIDGEVILLE, NS

### There's oppression!

Kerrie Milne and I for many other women over 30 — there is a *female* story line after story (May). How wonder why women are apathetic about their own lives? These same men be it a group of 200 women and one man would be allowed to have a "veto" vote. It is a fact, according to the report of the House of Commons on a change in abortion law was conducted by 261 men and one woman (Page 355, section 87).

ELLENHURST COLEMAN, KILGINTON

### Living-room federalism

Peter Newman's article "What does Quebec want to do?" (May) makes, I think, with a misconception as to what English Canadians outside Quebec would be willing to do should that province decide to pull out of Confederation. He said that we are running out of possible options, the implication being that this was could result in a solution unsatisfactory to Quebec, and the rest of Confederation. He said that we are running out of possible options, the implication being that this was could result in a solution unsatisfactory to Quebec, and the rest of Confederation. He said that we are running out of possible options, the implication being that this was could result in a solution unsatisfactory to Quebec, and the rest of Confederation.

W. J. DODDAR BALL, NEWBRIDGE, ONT.

✱ Most Canadians either ignore or have forgotten the existence of 1.2 million English Canadians in Quebec. Perhaps they will soon be vindicated, but in Quebec / continued on page 18



Your View from page 13 / there are no longer equal rights for the two official languages in Canada. English schools in the province must teach the number of courses taught in French, but reciprocal measures for the French schools have not been introduced. Similarly, all reciprocal courses obtaining Quebec licenses must be able to speak French but not necessarily English. And, chillingly, there is even talk of making French the language of Quebec courts. In a province with a legal majority as large as 29%, suppression of that language is every bit as opaque as it is so a federal plane. Please Canada, wake up! **ARLENE HARRINGTON, MONTREAL**

\* Claude Ryan quoted one of Robert McKenna's addresses as saying to Robert McKenna of the Toronto Star that in order as he gets out of Quebec he is no longer at home — *Chapin Answer* (May). This happens to apply to the English Canadian living in Quebec, too. I have often read about Montreal that the English people who move there are more loyal. Montrealers claim are the suburbs. I exist in Toronto, but for 11 years I lived in Montreal.

What has always made Quebec such a wonderful place to live is its French and its diversity. The joy of living that always permeated the day-to-day living habits of the French Canadian must have been present because they were enjoying life themselves. Now this is being lost by the forced of all things English.

I would never back to Montreal to anyone, with all its problems. My French-Canadian wife, on the other hand, refused to move back! She has had it up to here with her French-Canadian confines. One day two delivery men arrived at our home in a predominantly English district in Montreal. One of the men came to the door and said my wife and he spoke English. Then the man at the truck yelled something in French to the other man, and my wife immediately yelped back at him in French. The man at the door was (I believe) quoted: "Are you French or English?" he asked. To which she answered in French, "Neither one nor the other. I'm Canadian."

YVES CHAMBER, TORONTO

#### Fanning Annie

A note to John Macfarlane who hopes that those of us who like Anne Murray do so because of her talent and not her nationality. What if Anne Murray were an American? (May) Believe me, it's the former that prompts us to buy her albums

and turn up the volume when she comes on the radio or TV. But to me, at least, Anne is much more than a singer. Fanning the effects of Anne's personality has been one of the most rewarding experiences in my short life. That's no pretence. Anne is straightforward and openly and has taught me how really valuable it is to be totally yourself. If, as you say, marriage to Rodney Orr couldn't worsen her popularity, treating Anne's fans in a similar manner is a pity. Anne in the November Madonna's love time to time won't decrease her popularity either.

MURKIN SMITH, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

#### Elementary economics

Regarding Steven Langdon's column, *Two different worlds: The real one and Benetton's (May)* in the process of getting my BSc I must need to learn a couple of things about economics, one of them being that most of the theories work only if people behave in a certain predictable fashion. In the past, inflation could be suppressed by putting people out of work because the unemployed were willing to work at any price and consequently forced wages down. Now that the labor market consists not of individuals competing against each other but of unions competing against management, the said unions are under no compulsion to pay any attention to this sort of blackboard, as people wages are going up by over 8% per annum and the only effective solution is wage controls. Thus, in view of the changing structure of the Canadian economy, there are two scenarios I can draw regarding the policies of inflation, unemployment, double Benetton: 1) they aren't necessary; 2) they don't work.

OWEN E. BOON, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Steven Langdon claims Benetton for unemployment but unemployment has been caused by the low price of farm products over the past 30 years, causing the flight of population from the land. Twenty percent of Canadian workers in 1980 were employed on farms as compared to 8% in 1970. To deal with the unemployment so caused, the federal government passed the economy by diverting spending greatly increasing the public debt during 1980 to 1981. Our delicate fiscal had no difficulty in borrowing in 1980, and we had to borrow abroad at very high interest rates to protect our currency value. Throughout the country, interest rates went up, curtailing expansion. This caused further unemployment.

The low price we pay for food has

been the result of our adherence to this trade. In 1969 we imported more food by value than we exported. It is time for Canadians to trade far more with Canadians. A useful place in society is one thing a person cannot do without, so we need local crop growers.

MIRA, BELLEVILLE, KANAWA, KANAWA

#### Just for the fun of it

Gee golly gosh! Edward Corbett, a 34-year-old lumberjack, finds we housewives ought to be on salary — *We pay teachers, we pay faster parents, logically we should pay housewives, too (April)*. Falsified idea! He plays around with conservative figures, which an actual fact can be quite easily arrived at readily: Pay us "top-loaded, revised and exploded" salaries \$1.50 an hour, high for a busy wife but comparable to a cleaning woman's wages. And each for 24 hours a day, don't forget, while amounts to \$3600 per day, an \$1080 a month. Not bad! And all to be paid out of my husband's taxes of course.

But wait — a flat salary across the board would be unfair. Some women are super-mothers and housekeepers. Others, like myself, often prefer to sit at home with a book to waste my time. My golly would be enormous if I were to be paid by the government to sit in the sun chatting with neighbors.

Get serious, Mr. Corbett! Many housewives are on edge about whether we like to admit it or not. Certainly there is just cause for subsidizing working mothers who see forced to be the breadwinners, faster parents who are performing a social service, or for providing Family Allowances for those beneath a certain salary level. For many of us, however, our husbands take pride in the independence of providing for their families. We chose to have children and to raise them without state interference — they are our responsibility and we have the choice to support them. Leave us that right!

MARILYN E. MATTHEWS, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

#### What was her name?

I'm sure Benetton's doesn't remember the name of the girl he refers to when he says, "One night I was as bed with this chick, if he ever knew it all — The Dream Who Drove What he is doing is typical. People just put down this woman's sex and sex in denouncing when it is experienced without love."

DOUG O'NEILL, TORONTO



## Walker's Special Old.

Hiram Walker's Special Old Canadian Whisky wins on taste, wins on smoothness, wins on popularity. Make yours Special Old. You can't lose.

## The Winner.

**T**he contest began where the land begins to reach or rise or fall away in all directions at distance. Marathons. Where those of us from the West are going east. Marathons is where we finish the East begins. No top over ends as Marathons, proof that is. Or maybe the West begins at Lake of the Woods, Kenosha, or, on a good day, Wisconsin at the edge of the Shulls, or further west at the point where we all begin to take a turn. It's all about the density of Clouds. Falls between the seasonal average of 3.6 per square mile. (You who would ask the West, even, will not find it as cruel.)

The West begins at geological time and universal space, and no more than a moment of time, a point in space, is conceded beneath the little lines of man. Man is transformed where the scale stresses giants.

When the West is discovered a name to be the West and becomes doctrine instead of state of mind, and the West, like any political state — of mind — is imaginary. Ready? Focus your waste breathers.

Image Vint. Wags choke misery. Sky. Too large for an eye span to grasp. Pious. Pious. Too extensive for a pair of legs to bear a man over a lifetime of summers and seasons of travel. Pan. Forest. Too deep, too vast for a man to lose himself within to find himself within. Tilt. Mountains. Somewhat too plentiful and higher than several lifetimes of climbing. Dissolve to self.

Try to seek yourself in this void through the camera-shadowed response of the myth-searching imagination, the sensibility-order-making endeavor, the leisure-losing-binding fugue, among the ramblings of our World that "culture as glacier" have left to melt the slow and coupling advance of Western Civ., and, should you succeed in the heart, you shall be fortunate: Do you wonder that we who choose to live here have been so completely indoctrinated? We scarcely know ourselves.

West and vast — a pun? a loss-  
 ings? East is best, best feasting,  
 vast eating. But West is? Best?  
 Feast is best, vast, vast?

**Images:** A buffalo herd from horizon to horizon and thick as clover on a hot-making day. Farm so large that ridge medieval cathedrals, museums, towns and empires could be placed inside it, leaving room for an eastern dairy farm or two.

The mountain-in-time taken pictures of a total glacial landscape, on one slope, seen from the green roofs of the Cypress Hills.

of the University of Lake Agassiz,  
the inland ocean;  
of the Old North Trail, the edge of  
the Great Divide at one end of the

frame, the expense of prairie falling off to the other extremes.

of Anthony Bladys turning to his script assistant, being handed the card with "Behold the sharing mannequins" written on it.

of a Benson Buggy in the foreground, a snowed-down, paint-peeling town on the horizon.

of William Albertson at the moment he says, "If the people have not suffered enough, it is their God-given right to suffer some more".

of a grasping station on the middle of a field in fallow, outside a poplone from Alberta to California.

of a train of 70 cars, each brimming with coal, moving toward the mountain pass, and on to Vancouver and Japan.

On such images a culture begins to

# Jon Whyte's Canada

Western identity through the poet's eye: space, distance, scope and hope

Therefore let us employ marriage rather than collage, and enable meanings to be based in comparison, interface, and transformation.

Time-lapse shots from a movie on the mind of the West.

the Calumet is coming into with its carving channel, pivot, ziggy, breakaway, and then dissolves to a stuffy dog, stamped-out nose.

water, power lines and hydro towers reaching in distance toward the American border.

burnt poles holding corpses in their  
claws beneath a charcoal-ashed sky,  
and, next shot, same scene but a

prepared with first-shedded leaves  
and seed-stored seeds.

a cluster of prospers brown  
seriously on the brow of the plane  
before a sky towered high with cumu-  
lus clouds, bold and dissolve to the  
same point fused and four-lined  
and tormented with unfortunate ele-  
ments and a smoggy sky saturating  
city and suburbs.

A boy and his cousin he calls wander across a field strewn with flowers, the static chess, the tumble and delight, across ivy and dialysis and zoom out to stop-running operation.

When we talk about the West, wherever in Canada we may originate, we talk also about peculiarly Canadian concepts of space, the lonely, lost, pure, and empty distance between things, people, places, points.

expressions, seasons of being, beginnings, the miles of clarity between elevator riding and crying, trees and towers, the straight lines of vision from Koyote to Casamonte, the jagged miles of Cordillera, the meandering miles of river from farm to forest to village to town and city, from one glacier to its three oceans, from coffee crops to mountain range Space, distant crops, hope

**T**he West once provided the images of what it is to be Canadian. It meant to be generous, benevolent and leader of better political and economic courses of reason, freedom and order of harmonious. Boy Scout and RCMP Euro-brown soldiers and virtues, the new north stars and free, an enduring Louis Riel vision of "no bloodshed while the sun breaks from the house of night through the clouds of sky," the land of no frontiers and no convictions of drugs or rights no innocents and no lingering anger, others, commonness instead of force.

Well, it was an idea, and ideas can't last forever. The West as an intellectual-spiritual landscape of the Canebrake wilderness could not endure forever. Dreams become delusions, hopes become barriers, fantasies become facts become facts.

The ancient dreamers have altered the small towns are dying one by one and the prairie is yielding to another kind of silence. I say a singular one could no more live anywhere else in earth than on the moon. Elements themselves are changing. But I am here.

member and waiting for a job that will be for my whole country, someone who is not in who live in the West as part of the greater thought that is Canada and I fear for my West because I can see how frail it was and how easily it is being boxed, imprisoned and destroyed. If there is a villain, then Ontario is he, smothering and smothering yet a villain. For it is Ontario where the failure to believe in the importance of the West to the meaning of Canada is most prevalent.

Yet as who live here must live  
ways of coming to terms with our  
salvage. Even now the myth of Canada  
is interesting properly to the area north  
of 60, to the "beyonds" and the bar-  
rens and the islands whose mass is  
only a small part of the large expan-  
sion with many unknowns. If it is  
hope and destiny, and to thus derive  
the West in nostalgia shall still we  
tribute culture born in the narrative  
of the dead, and be kept alive. ■

Jon Whyle, 30 graduate of the universities of Alberta and Stanford (science post and wife), lives in Banff. This is an excerpt from The Belled Cow: Temp And Abot his essay as The Unfinished Revolt, edited by John R. and Owen Anderson (McClelland and Stewart).







coming more democratic or more authoritarian? More performance or more pondération? More involved in the world or more isolated? First or last? Richer or poorer? If richer, how do we reduce riches — in goods and objects or in something more important? If poorer, how do we reduce poverty — in money or contentment?

You doubtless believe that your unfailing policies will correct our questions at the proper time, but how much time do we have? Not, I think, as much as we used to assume. Nor do you have as much elbowroom. In our shrunken time from the risk of misunderstanding between leader and followers may be closer than we realize.

This might not have mattered greatly in earlier times. It could be very dangerous when the nation faces, for instance, that I shall venture to define here, the most wrenching times in its experience and you the hardest task.

Already the deepening lines of your face, the rising pallor of your voice, tell us that you have grasped in

office the appalling problems that seemed so easily soluble in your youth of audacity and agitation. It's no fun being a historical personage after all, but history gives you no other option.

Even if you have learned the rightness, and defeated the dragons, by the hard method, you must realize that the nation certainly has not. If you have feared that nothing turns out as planned in your books, how shorts and competent, that your policies must be revised to fit the facts, the nation's thought has behind you. Impatient for quick, painless remedies, it is getting the facts topsy-turvy, the vital ones shouldered aside by the trivial.

If you never believed the glittering simplicities of 1948 and remained cool sober in that confused debate, the public hangover is assured yet. Despite your warnings, too many people still clutch their enormous expectations. They still expect you to create a *miraculous* Post Society overnight (without knowing what the words mean) or else

to witness a total disaster, though neither is in the cards.

With all your genius for communication — the eloquent string, the corroding reply in French English, the dry cool point, the idiosyncratic twist! — you have not communicated the central truths of Canadian life, not clearly enough, anyhow, to reach the common mind.

What are these truths? Every man will put down in his own words, or listless, but we can agree. I believe, that they all have an identical meaning. If you will pardon the long cliché, a new age has begun in Canada and everywhere. Your *scintilla*, and ours, is literally unprecedented. We all revise this lesson every day but are shocked when any government tries to apply unprecedented methods in our public business.

Of all the familiar symptoms proving this age to be unique, none is so vivid as the change in our subconscious attitude to the past, the present and the future. For a thousand dark years, until the Renaissance, men looked back:

"What is Canada made of?  
Not of constitutions,  
laws or money...  
but of the hazy,  
flocculent stuff of dreams."

ward with yearning on the good old days and never expected to regain their lost species. Then, until yesterday, they looked forward with laudable trust to an age still more splendid, the perfection of the species as God intended, or as science guaranteed. Now, suddenly, in half-a-dozen years at most, the tide has ebbed. Even while they batten into some space men look backward again, like their distant ancestors, with the same yearning and forward with dread, almost with despair.

That change in the mind-weather of the world must change everything, and yet some Christians imagine that you could reverse the tide if you passed the appropriate laws and regulations. Alas, prime seasons are mortal and, at high tide or low, can leave only brief footprints on the sand.

Meanwhile, watching the tide, you probably enjoy a very scarce now and then as you observe the other spectators. There is no sight more laughable, or perhaps, for in-

stance, than a company of fish men smiling in their club, over a three-year lull, the return of normal weather — unless it be the left-leaning young constructing their instant Utopias from the fragments of the Regan Manifesto and the rubble of Karl Marx.

The public at large, I believe, has got such nostalgic nonsense out of its head and knows that we can't go home again. Nevertheless, the original question remains: Where are we going? Is it true, as some Canadians protest, that we are going to hell in your private back, are something. Consideration itself took, at the side, will soon reach the end of our naive experiment? I don't think so, but assuredly these are the decisive years when our nation will be created or uncreated and you regarded, quite safely, as its savior or destroyer.

If that sounds hypocritical, permit me to suggest three simple propositions:

First, I submit that we are essentializing our assets

and liabilities, mistaking our essence, mistaking our friends and misconstruing our needs.

Second, by accurate calculation, I hold that the future here is more promising than anywhere else, if mankind avoids physical suicide, which could happen, and Canadians avoid political suicide, which will happen only if they choose it for themselves. I hold that Canada, admitting all its troubles and blunders, is the luckiest nation on earth, with the richest assets and fairest prospects. We alone can conserve or squander them.

Given Canada's handful of assets on half a continent, its joint skills, character and chosen living ways — given these assets, any politician will say that the thought of spinning the nation, handing it to posterity as another that doesn't want it and abandoning the experiment when it is not well begun is considerable madness.

Our machine has always existed in a major regional disease, a toy loose on the body / continued on page 45

Mr. Prime Minister you're governing a strange country in a strange mood at a strange time. And things will soon get stranger still.





# Dan George's last stand

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he flames from the refinery stack on the south bluff of Burnard Inlet cast a moving reflection across the waters of the fjord that reaches into the heart of Vancouver. Day and night, that warring flame from the Standard Oil refinery reflects all the way over the mile of water to the north shore of the inlet, where the faded wooden houses of the Burnard Reserve are nestled. They yuck up the slope from a small white cottage, a front door swiveling semicircular steps. As you struggle up the incline with puppy dogs at foot, past the Coke bottles and a hand-painted car, there appears in the window above a face like a copper moon. The face is the face of a man paying obedience to his senses of earth, his view, the pursuit of the rain that belongs to his spirit. Dan George has lived 71 years on this slope, 100 yards covering the distance between the house where he was born, the house he built, and in which he raised his family, and the house where he now lives. Two avenues face each other across the mile of water — linked by the consistency of the flame. There is a smaller crossway to the life of Dan George. It is a postage across time.

Burnard Reserve No. 3 forms a tailored buffer between the houses of a North Vancouver subdivision and the summer homes and cabin cruises of Deep Cove further up the inlet. It is not along the shore here, eight six miles from downtown Vancouver, that the famed novelist Michael Ondaatje lived in a quarter's shack and failed his genius with fatal quantities of alcohol. The end of Dan George era best be appreciated by stepping back on this slope for 71 years, looking across the water and watching his world change. "The present came through Canada and measured out a piece of land for us and called it our 'reserve'! We did not have the freedom to roam as we used to do," he says. He could not be burning much soil from the city, directly by desecrating the thick rainforest to subdivide squares from, peering down the top of Burnaby Mountain in left are the stack towers of Simon Fraser University, which will serve this summer as the site for the eight-million-dollar filming of Aldous Huxley's novel *Brave New World*.

In the house a dark-eyed grandchild is asleep, gone at Dan's knee. His pretty daughter, Marie George, lives with him in the house with her three children. Dan George is a short man, just five-foot-one. But it is as if his body had come from two separate men. All the weight of those 163 pounds is in massive shoulders and chest, the product of 71 years as a headhunter. The powerful arms hang to his knees, the flat belly of a leaner and to other, bowed legs. His triangular form is that of a trapeze artist. And from that thick chest is

refined out, in spaced intervals, the salt fog of his voice. It is impossible to translate into print the harsh rhythm of George's voice, or the measured cadence of his speech. And there is that tone, like a licensed catcher's mitt. It is full of caresses and galleys and arrows, the soft folds of hills — seasons of time and spirit that in fact just made it mean heart-fall. When he begins to speak, there is a dove-pigeon intonation. The words begin to unfurl. The face unfolds like a wrinkled brow, the legs, the lips and chest taking new shapes and directions. It is both function and one of the magnificent faces of our time. He points out the window and across the river to the oil refineries which have come to defile the bluff. "They wanted to build there on this island. My father stopped them."

It is amazing to talk to a man with such a face and voice who muses over the possibility of teaching three different centuries. He was born in 1899 and conceivably could reach the year 2000, since his uncle lived until 110 and his mother to 95. He takes quiet satisfaction in the idea. There is a personal object lesson in history to sit down with a man, still active, who headed lumber by hand over full-rigged sailing ships from foreign ports. European stock came to this country to put down roots. With Dan George it is the other way, he came to live from the earth. He is a fixed position in a world of impermanence.

His mother was a full-blooded descendant of the warrior Wabank, who walked with a wolf. Wabank kept a wolf as a constant companion and went through Captain George Vancouver's ship when it explored the coast in 1792. He can remember a great-grand-uncle who could tell stories of the dark-skinned men who came even before Captain Vancouver — the Spanish explorers with their Mochoh slaves.

Just below where Dan's little house sits there was once an enormous fort which the tribe built for protection from trading parties of war canoes. Not far away is the spot where the first Men in that part of Canada was conducted over a century ago. Queen Victoria gave the tribe three apple trees to commemorate the event. Two perished and the third died when Dan's mother died.

Today the Delta-Hwy highway cuts through, spreading motorists to the new housing beyond on streets named Burnard and Burnard and Burnard Lane. Burnard Reserve No. 3 and the George family remain, some of the 32,000 of BC's 60,000 Indians who still live in reserves. In the old house Dan built is one Bob, his wife and their 14 children. Beside it is the \$12,000 shanties house trailer of son Lenox, the moody, talented young man who seems, / continued on page 39



# Country club

Indian Valley is an imaginary club, its members are imaginary people, but everything else is real. Fore!

BY JACK BATTEN

The members of Indian Valley Golf And Country Club had simply outgrown or forgotten the emotions connected with tennis. It was a private club in North Parker Township, 23 miles northwest of Toronto, and its members were accomplished, successful, wealthy men, Anglo-Saxon and mostly Protestant, men accustomed to manipulating authority without pause for second thoughts or for remorse. But if it wasn't tennis that crowded the locker room on this particular late-June Wednesday noon hour, it was at least appreciation, and there were two good reasons for the disturbance in this small club.

The North Parker Township Council was meeting in the afternoon to resolve, after two years of hickering, the expropriation question, whether to take away Indian Valley's 152 rolling green acres and convert them into parkland for the township's banting population. The meeting was called for three o'clock, and a delegation from Indian Valley, headed by Ben Harnes of Harnes Brothers, had been summoned to attend. The expropriation threat was one reason for the apprehension. The other reason was Russ Krumer, who had, as Stan Campbell, the elected club president, put it, "shot one out of bowels this time." Krumer headed a thriving brokerage firm, J. Russell Krumer & Company, and in stocks and in golf he lived to gamble. He insisted that golf was the last refuge for the man who didn't mind losing some money on his own talent. There were a dozen ways to bet on golf, and Krumer used them all, never minding if he lost and always reveling in the thrill of the risk. All the members played friendly games for side bets, but most envied Krumer's high-stakes rounds. So, to bring some fresh challenge to his gambling, Krumer had introduced to the club as his guest for that week a young man from Wilmington, Delaware, who made his living playing for big sums against men like Krumer.

"The fellow's nothing but a whelp-on-call-a, a knacker," Stan Campbell, a short aggressive man, said in the locker room. / continued on page 33



# Baby, it was cold inside

Every Thursday morning, just before ten o'clock, the Cabinet members scurry from their House of Commons offices and trek toward a long, dark room just off the Rotunda Gallery on the third floor of Parliament's Centre Block. Room 3605, the Cabinet chamber. They come from every corner of Parliament, scurrying through the tunnel from the West Block, shuffling up from the lower reaches of the Centre Block, where house lights are banked, drifting down from the lofty suites on the fourth and fifth floors, the dwelling places of the majority. They are dressed like lionsmen to the sea, or regality lords to the mating ground. They answer a call as imperative as any in nature's command, the call of power. At ten o'clock, trading snail-paced jokes and the corridor gossip that is Ottawa's real medium of exchange, they file into the Cabinet room and wait for the 30 straight-backed, leather-upholstered chairs set around the long, oval table that dominates the room. Each member settles into his own appointed place, its boundaries marked by name pads, pencils and a pile of Cabinet documents, many bearing the impressive notation: **SECRET**.

A moment later, the Prime Minister enters, having climbed the 200 feet from his own office, 3075. He walks straight to his place halfway down one side of the oval table. He is flanked, on his right, by Senator Paul Martin, Government Leader in the upper house, and on his left by Arthur Laing, Minister of Public Works, with the other ministers straggled down the table on either side in order of seniority of service. The Prime Minister glances quickly down the two columns prepared in the Privy Council Office the day before; one notes the four or five major issues to be discussed at this meeting; the other lists the 30 to 35 decisions taken by the night's trading consensus of Cabinet during the past week. Beside the agenda items are listed the names of Cabinet members who have held his office that week to speak to specific points. The Prime Minister nods, "Well, gentlemen..." and the evening begins. (When the House is not sitting, the ministerial gathering is a similar room in the East Block, but the procedure is the same.)

Like Kierans, the former Minister of Communications, who was in the

Eric Kierans  
reveals how Trudeau  
froze him out  
By Walter Stewart



Trudeau Cabinet from July 6, 1968, until he resigned on April 28, he directly opposed the Prime Minister, sandwiched between Transport Minister Donald Jamieson and Minister without Portfolio Robert Andros. Low seniority brought them near the tail end of the line of precedence, which just happened to be opposite Trudeau.

It was a good place to be, for Kierans often had much to say to Trudeau, some of it disagreeable. They made a fascinating contrast. Kierans is scrappy, quick, combative; he says, "Lookit" and "Yeh see" and "Ob yeah" a lot; he leans forward on his elbows and, with his blue eyes blazing and his index finger shobbing, battles his way into debate. Trudeau is cool and composed; in tense discussion his hand clinks up under his chin and one finger slides thoughtfully up and down his cheek. He marshals his arguments by diagrams, his language—at least in Cabinet—is elegantly turned, his gestures are carefully controlled. Being Prime Minister, of course, he was all segments.

It was that certainty which drove Kierans out. "You know you weren't getting anywhere; it didn't matter whether you were right or wrong; the same old people were still giving the same old advice, and they were the ones being listened to. I've got to go."

I went to see Kierans soon after he got out to ask him, not to reach who he did so—but his economic differences with the government have been well noted—in what it was like inside the Trudeau administration. Kierans refused point-blank to discuss any issues involving Cabinet secrecy, but what he did say shed new light on how the government and the status are being run today.

Of Trudeau's Cabinet manner, Kierans would only say that the Prime Minister is a good showman, an incisive administrator of Cabinet discussion and a ready listener—even if he seldom seems moved by what is said. Normally, after every minister who wants to speak on a given subject has had his say, the Prime Minister sums up the debate, adds his own remarks and gives a "conclusion," which is not a conclusion at all but the laying down of government policy. There are no votes taken, and when there is a difference of opinion Trudeau merely shrugs across down on the side of / continued on page 62

IN 1891, THERE  
WERE 61,127 PAGANS  
IN CANADA.  
ONLY THREE OF  
WHOM LIVED  
IN NOVA SCOTIA



OTHER FACTS &  
FOIBLES FROM OUR  
FAMILY ALBUM

Once every 10 years, Canada sets for a family portrait at the hands of the census takers, who turn us up in racks, sort us out, check our pockets, and snap the shutter. The results appear in the Canada Year Book, census reports and statistical summaries that dribble out weeks later. This month, the statisticians are building our figure gathered June 1 in our slowness decimal census—a century of portraying the Canadian people. While we wait for the prints to dry, this is a good time to flip back through our family album for snapshots, taken at 20-year intervals, showing how we looked when we were growing up.

BY WALTER STEWART



# 1871

The Indians were small, dark, had iron and, from the west down, a head of bushy hair which were draped over and petticoats beyond counting. Cry garlands were light, wicker, dark, and rough and play hats, while the country folk were bourgeois. Men of all classes were first best shaggy, and opened a wide variety of moccasins, beads and adobe. They sat a lot, owing to the close of the house, commonly tucked in one sheet.

In the newly opening land, areas were still a major source of power, and Vancouver, where the people were taken near what is now the corner of Burrard and Pender streets, was still mostly forest. Actually, it wasn't even Vancouver, officially. The place was established as an urban settlement when Governor was founded in 1874, and did not receive its proper name until 1884. The town properly began down — or at least most of it did — and had to be heavily rebuilt.

Canada was only four years old, and reached the western sea this very year with the entry of British Columbia into Confederation (Manitoba had joined in 1870, Prince Edward Island would come in on July 1, 1873). The population of the new Dominion stood at 3,600,237, of whom 2,110,502 were of British origin, 1,082,940 of French and 405,513 Other (mainly of ethnic Dutch and German stock).

We were moving away from pioneer days and, although 91.7% of our people still lived in rural areas,

scattered along hazy mud or brutal corduroy roads, respectable towns and cities were springing up. Montreal's population was 129,632 and Toronto's 79,000. Every town had its villa and its casino, stuffed with fringed sofas, embroidered robes, marble fountains and gold-dusted mirrors. Most houses were lit by kerosene, although a few had gas.

Despite the increasing sophistication it was, with a simple eye. The Dominion received \$18,355,660 in 1871, about one third of what Montreal receives today for water rates, and expenditures were a black-inked \$15,625,081, about one thousandth of this year's Canadian budget. The average tax per capita was \$4.64.

It was a merry time, the Canada Temperance Act was still given modified power in the dining and in 1871 Canadians gorged 4.31 gallons of beer, wine and spirits for every man, woman and child in the country. The favorite social events were dances, parties, regattas and tobacco and skating parties, the favorite sports were cricket, lacrosse, soccer, football and curling, with bonfires for each holiday prize at a hand of contract.

In 1871 Canadians obtained 76,160,584 pounds of butter, some of which would melt in the mouth of Sir John A. Macdonald, our Prime Minister. It was our age of innocence.



# 1891

This was the year of Sir John A. Macdonald's last stand, his victory in the Responsible election, during which he lashed out at the "rotten freemen" of those who wanted to remove U.S.-Canadian trade barriers. Macdonald needed a galvanizing issue, for the nation, still only 24 years old, was in trouble. The population had grown since 1871 by less than 1.5 million to a total of 4,531,239 (against a predicted 6,255,000). Natural resources should have come to more than that, and the answer lay in the north, then one million people who had slipped over the border to the U.S. during the preceding decade.

Who could blame them? Jobs were short and soap lines long. In one Toronto food depot, volunteers had been leading out 70 gallons of soup per day to the destitute. Industries had sprung up behind the tariff barrier of Macdonald's National Policy, but it was a lucky worker who brought home \$150 a year, hardly enough, even when butter was 21 cents a pound, eggs 21 cents a dozen and chickens 45 cents a pair.

Electric lights and even cinemas were luring people to the cities, but we were still 71.3% rural. In the motto language of the Year Book, "No particular of origin were taken in 1891, and very widely too, as they were of no specially instructive value and only tended to perpetuate distinctions." The same Year Book noted that "persons of Mongolian or Chinese" race were excluded from voting. (The 215 MPs were

paid \$10 a day, but the member who ducked out for a day was docked eight dollars.)

We were saving away from our primitive beginnings, and when a drinking gang on the Esplanade gathered for a formal protest to signal the end of their labors they formed up around an impressively large, costly cranking threshing machine. Farm workers such as these were well fed and their conditions were normally hard but fair. In the cities, however, urban conditions were common. Wage rates were depressed and often laborers found their pituitary withheld or paid off in kind. A royal commissioner commented in 1888, "There seems to be no idea of any obligation existing between the employer and his operatives. . . To obtain a very large percentage of work with the smallest possible outlay of wages appears to be the one fixed and dominant idea."

Statistical analysis was getting complex enough to pick up such gloomy notes as the fact that there were 36 suicides in 1890, that hang death was the most frequent killing there and fast in 1891, a cold and muddy town, 239 out of 339 deaths that year were among children aged five or younger.

The census uncovered 61,127 paupers in Canada, only three of whom were found in Nova Scotia. There is no record of what happened to those paupers when the word got out.



# 1911

Canada, at last, was beginning to stretch and grow. The filling up of the American West and a boom wheat market (in 1911 we exported 45,800,115 bushels)

helped immigrants pouring into the Prairie, lured on by the aggressive salesmanship of CNR and the expanding railways of Mackenzie and Mann. Alberta and Saskatchewan had come into being in 1905, and already Saskatchewan's population was pushing the half-million mark. Between the census of 1906 and that of 1911, 1,667,631 immigrants flooded into Canada, and the total population stood at 7,206,543.

We were, also, not equally divided. There were 3,821,995 males and 3,384,548 females, or 130 men under every 1,000 Canadians than females, "the deficiency being greater," as the 1912 *Free Press* noted mildly, "than probably any other country."

We welcomed most, but not all, comers. Legislation provided that "Chinese of the laboring class" pay a head tax of \$50. "The provision was not only discriminatory but profitable: the head tax returned \$2,262,052 in 1911. By that time the census showed 27,774 Chinese in Canada, 19,346 of them in fast-growing BC, whose population had shot from 99,113 to 392,480 in two decades.

Under the impetus of invading settlers, towns sprang up in what was once an empty wilderness. When Saskatoon was organized as a village in 1903,

the legions of men called for 30 houses within a square mile. As the local storekeeper later recalled, "By counting all the shacks we managed it!" In 1903, the village became a town, although

there was again a difficulty — finding men competent who had the qualifications of a year in residence. But by 1905 Saskatoon received a city charter, by 1910 it had a population of 12,000 and a university was being built. Life was much more settled in the east, of course, where all the needs turned out for the Vancouver Chinese Club requests pictured above.

We were becoming increasingly urban, with 45.4% of our people in cities and towns, and Montreal's population stood at 499,504. The census takers had gone back to sorting us by ethnic groups and found, as in 1871, almost twice as many Canadian of British (3,999,261) as French (2,001,791) descent. And, sorrowful to relate, the number of papists had dropped to 11,546.

Wages were still low — the average pay was about \$460 annually — and, not surprisingly, labor unions were gathering numbers. There were 131,100 organized Canadians.

The first seedlings of war were beginning to be heard in Europe and in Canada, this was the year of another Reciprocity election. Once again, Canadians turned down free trade with the U.S. and defeated Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



# 1931

When the time came for Canada's seventh census, we had been through a major war together and the soaring giddiness of the 1920s, and we were an independent power in the world. But our

growing self-confidence staggered under the hammer blows of the Depression, which began in 1929, and there were few solers for such bargains as the 1932 McLaughlin-Buck at \$1,290. Out of a 1931 population of 10,376,784, there were 473,000 jobless — 17% of the work force.

The clock to the cities had accelerated and for the first time the urban population exceeded the rural, although agriculture was still our largest industry. We were still moving west. PEI's population had dropped from 109,879 in 1891 to 88,016, while Manitoba's had multiplied by more than four times in the same period, from 152,566 to 590,136.

It was the volatile urban working class who bore the brunt of the Depression and formed the soup lines in eastern Canada, while in the West farmers, hit by drought, had and low prices, were the chief sufferers. The national net farm income plunged from \$411 million in 1929 to \$109 million four years later.

The 1931 census should have shown a Canadian population of 11.5 million by natural increase alone, the missing one million were, once again, those who had struck out for the U.S. Another disturbing trend showed that while there were 2,997,990 Canadians of

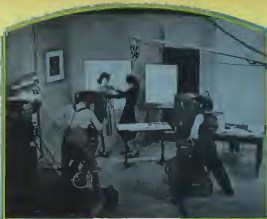
French origin and 5,381,071 of British, nearly seven million Canadians spoke only English and fewer than two million spoke only French. Obviously the 1,313,378 who spoke both languages were

mostly of French origin.

Canada's amazing diversification appeared in figures on the growth of religious denominations. For the first time, Greek Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Maronites showed up in appreciable numbers, although Roman Catholics still formed 40% of the religious and the new United Church showed second. Despite continuing attempts to shut out Asians — the head tax went as high as \$500 at intervals — the census turned up 13,314 Buddhists and 26,087 Confucians. For the first time, Eskimos were surveyed, with astonishing results. One enumeration interview went like this:

Q: What is your name?  
A: Wiy, you know my name.  
Q: Yes, I do, but you must say it, for the men with the stripes on his trousers must hear the sounds clearly if he is to write them in a book.

A: My name is Ooblerah.  
Q: Where were you born?  
A: In a white boat.  
Q: Close to where?  
A: The whaling ship Arctic.  
B: Was an whaling year all round.



# 1951

This was the year Abbott and Costello met the lovable Minnie, having already encountered Frankenstein (1940), the Killer (1949) and the Foreign Legion (1950).

We were in the era of mass entertainment, and mass American entertainment at that. Television had not yet arrived in Canada, but we had already bought 40,000 sets in anticipation.

We had come through World War II relatively unscathed, prosperous and ready to settle down in the serious business of raising babies. The 1951 census showed the postwar baby boom, with the population soaring to 14,008,429 (a gain in 20 years of more than Canada's original population) aided by the addition of Newfoundland's 361,418 people in 1949.

It was a good country to join. Prosperity showed in the purchase of domestic appliances (more than 90% of homes had radios, more than 30% had refrigerators), in wage rates (Vancouver bricklayers earned \$1.88 an hour, laborers \$1.16), and, inevitably, in rising food prices. A week's food for a family of five cost \$21, up from \$13.50 in 1949, and things got as bad that a beefsteak, Ontario, sold priced the price of its five-cent dinner to a dime (for soup with vegetables and dumplings and your fill of bread and butter).

We were no longer in agricultural nation; there were 882,000 more workers in manufacturing than in the farms, and the demand for labor was bringing women into industry, where there were three times as

many as there had been in 1941.

The year was a watershed in our age making. From the time of Confederation, the median age (the balance point: half the population is below the median age) had been rising. In 1891 it was higher, by 1856 it had dropped to 27.4, by 1961 to 26.3; today more than half the population is under 25.

More than 60% of the people were in cities and towns. Montreal's population was 1,033,926, Toronto's 679,754 and Vancouver had become our third city, with 344,833. The flight from the farms had cut Saskatchewan's population from 921,785 to 831,728 in two decades.

It was a time of change, while the last breed and rail wagons still rolled through Toronto streets, downtown the subway was adding to the sound of street cars and trolleys who were sure it was impractical. The big bands were still swinging, and drags pants were still in style. The *Financial Times* of London called Canada "the envy of the world," and we agreed.

However, an ominous new trend was beginning to show on statistical charts. American direct investment in Canada totaled \$5.8 billion in 1949; it would almost double in the next six years, and more than double again by 1970.

In perspective 1951, the index was nearly approached



# 1971

This year's census will show that we have come a long way in a century. The population will edge 21.3 million more than five times the Canadian total of 1871; the province of Ontario alone contains more than twice as many people as the nation held 100 years ago.

We have become a modern industrial state, on the way to post-industrialism, with only 457,000 out of a work force of 5,316,000 still employed in agriculture. The Canadian Gross National Product has soared to an annual rate of \$84 billion, more than double the \$37 billion of a decade ago, and personal incomes are about \$3,000 per capita, up from \$1,363 in 1961.

Prices are much higher than in earlier times but so are wages. A country boy, a suit of clothes cost less than \$10. Eaton's was advertising "Light. Colored Grousemen at \$2.38 the full dress of 14 yards," hester was 20 cents a pound, eggs 18 cents a dozen and pork 15 cents a pound. You could rent a modest house in Toronto for \$12 a month, or buy a 10-room dwelling with well, central-heating and "an excellent garden on the grounds" in Orillia, Ont., for \$3,500. But at that time a laborer made 60 cents a day, a schoolteacher \$250 a year. Frances Abbott, foreman of the staff for general repairs on the Canadian and Grosvenor Canal, pulled down a princely two dollars a day. In terms of the work it takes to supply food, clothing and shelter, ordinary people in Canada are far better off than they

were when the first census was taken. James Cassidy, laborer, with 19 years and six months untended, drew six cents an hour for his 10-hour day a century ago, at that rate it took him 150 days to earn the price of a pound of pork. Today's laborer, at \$4.05 an hour, can have 79-cent pork chops at 11 minutes and 42 seconds. Cassidy could have purchased a one-dollar suit for 150 hours of work; a laborer today can buy an \$85 suit for just under 22 hours. Frances Abbott would save \$12-a-month cost with no day's work, a Regina plumber, at \$5.17 an hour, can cover \$343.76 rental in the same period. A sampling of wages and prices across the country shows the most modest improvement: In 1891, a steam-engine laborer 36 minutes for the price of a dinner egg; today's bricklayer can have lunch for six minutes' work. When inflation took cost 38 cents a pound in 1931, it took a 65-cent-an-hour tradesman 27 minutes to earn it; today's ten-dollars-an-hour tradesman can have it in 12 minutes.

We have acquired a whole new set of problems, from pollution to drugs, and moved out away of the old ones, from friction between our two founding races to worries about the Americans. But as a family we have grown, matured, filled out; we are stronger, healthier, more prosperous and better educated than we were a century ago and, compared to most nations, have many blessings to savor at every time. ■

# THE GREENING OF ERICH SEGAL

BY CATHERINE BRESLIN

Being both a classics professor from Yale and the man responsible for Love Story means never having to say you're sorry

The entertainment industry would have to believe that most people in the United States and Canada feel a nostalgic ache for a prettier, more romantic time. Erich Segal's *Love Story* was a runaway publishing success and the movie may say well, with more money than any film in history. All this thanks to the millions who wept while Segal, the Radcliffe maniac, espoused gently in the arms of Oliver, his Harvard jock and loving husband. Meanwhile Erich Segal has been visiting, especially all the way to the bank and living his own life about as romantically as a rabbi at a grayhound track.

On the surface, it may not appear that way. He was off recently on a one-day trip that included a visit to his Parisian girl friend, Françoise Wagner, while I spent a week trying to track him down for an interview. Eventually I ended up in Los Angeles, where he had rented off a prior flight to do two days' editing on his latest film, *Jeux On My Mind*. There I waited another 25 minutes on an open line while Segal talked in New York from his hotel room.

Finally the Associate Professor of Classics and Comparative Literature himself was on, protesting that he was finished with interviews. "I'm retired, I'm a private person now, it doesn't really have a purpose any more. *Love Story* was two years ago, for heaven's sake. One of the things that killed me was the colossal weight of obligations. You represent simply pushed me to pieces."

Well, yes, I could sympathize, but I had a rash assignment from Morton to do a piece on him, and didn't the advice trouble it? But tracking him down earns me an interview. "I'm on vacation next week, I'm going to sit up in my room correcting papers. It's all supply documented, there are all sorts of photographic evidence."

True, true, but that wasn't exactly what the magazine had in mind. "I'm flying to Boston at an hour, to speak at a Harvard dinner. They may ask me to stop on at Harvard, touch a class. I may meet a beautiful Radcliffe girl who'll say, 'Come away to Vermont.' Don't you understand, this is serious. I don't want to be obligated to be anywhere."

We finally agreed that if the beautiful Radcliffe girl did not mistake him for her son on Monday at midday. On Monday morning I drove to New Haven, Connecticut, and found two obliging undergraduates who let me into the locked compound of Yale's Ezra Stiles College and greeted when they heard whom I

wanted to see. "Here, who else?" one murmured. "What do you want to talk to that would mean to?"

I was wondering that myself, as I peered Segal's unshaven brown-tinted living room while he dictated letters behind a closed door. The tangled wires of umbrellas and tape recorders consisted with a jumble of books: everything from *The Book Of Apocryphs* and *Everyday You Always Wanted To Know About Sex In Menstruations Of World Literature Is Digging Funnies*, and plastic wrapped. Under the grand piano an open suitcase spilled dirty clothes, along with Jeanette Beale's paperback, *The Group That Couldn't Join Society*. One shelf of the crowded bookcase was reserved for small athletic trophies topped by sporting figurines: "10th Annual Cherry Tree Marathon, 19th Place, 1968." A few undistinguished prints shared the walls, framed pictures of such earlier Segal affairs as the Beatles' film *Yellow Submarine*, which he co-scripted. A blue star, hand-lettered by an admirer, inscribed from its box, with a somewhat uncertain note: "We like it." But, except for two frayed gold-tooled red leather editions of *Love Story* sitting on the piano, there was scant other evidence to indicate that the substitution of this room had made one out of every five Americans my ever his book, according to a Gallup poll. Not to mention the uncounted millions who crested through the 17 translation editions.

Suddenly Erich Segal hustled into the room, all distracted energy. "Hello, hello, sorry, but this letter has to get out." Striding past, he paused and poured instantly into my eyes. "Do you smoke?"

"Well, yes. If you're offering." "No, no, I mean you don't smoke, you won't smoke, or there isn't any interview. Everybody's rich around here, everybody's got friends," he whirled once around the room, like a small frizzy-haired cydrome. "Tribble's got to type a letter right away, so we'll go into the office."

I followed him down the hall. "My assistant is coming, I've got about 600 pages to correct. And Tribble's sick with breakfast, she has to go home."

He slipped hastily behind the battered mound of his desk and looked over at his interviewer. "This is the last time," Erich Segal declared. "I've had it. I mean I'm going to shut off the phone and that's it. I'm going to do it, absolutely going to do it, and I'm in the process. If I wasn't so tired when you called I would have said no. After a..." (continued on page 42)





Segal from page 40 / while it burns you to be in the public spotlight — you feel exposed, terribly detached. It hurts. I feel burned, in the sense of me I feel like going redneck and grabbing Schindler on myself. I'm going to go nuclear forever. Myself forever."

He was talking about how *Love Story* says, in part, the tender things the young generation is saying in this movie where the telephone rang. "Because me, I can't shut this off. Who? Oh, John Mack Carter, my goodness. Yes, sir. He." John Mack Carter is the publisher of *Ladies Home Journal*, which gave *Love Story* its first big boost by running it as the February, 1970, cover, and John Mack Carter was asking Segal, as a favor, to type an anti-censorship commercial for the Censor Society. Segal agreed, provided nobody on the set was getting a hair. "The last time I did one too many people were making. I was astonished and shocked." On the wall his Harvard diploma hangs next to the one from Michigan High School.

At 34 Segal is a small sprig of a man, bright and "almost always in love." He sleeps three or four hours a night. "Sometimes when I'm working, I'll go for days with no sleep at all," he said. "Before I learned my metabolism was just this way I tried to send myself to sleep with pharmacological means and others." When he is thinking, his hands constantly massage the Mack steel wool that bushes over his shagging forehead. It is the gesture of a building man who is also almost minded.

Although in ancient or conditioner charged at the office window, the room was meticulously hot and creosote of oval adorned Segal's pillow last short, worn with a thin black string of — "You don't know? Love buds, they're love buds. I haven't

taken them off since a young admirer gave them to me a year ago, a good person, someone I respect. And they feel nice."

Trinkle, the blue-jacketed secretary with flowing red hair, brought at the letters and announced she was going home. "You can't gonna go till I sign this. Trinkle, and you get that other stuff," Segal clarified. "Where the hell's the golden stringer? Here? Where's that other thing that goes in here?" A printed request for the Academy Awards dinner had managed to get lost between Segal's desk and Trinkle's typewriter. Trinkle was searching, calling papers. "No sorry," Segal said to me, lifting papers on the mounded desk. "I never processed you a time period, but this is a really important or I wouldn't be interrupting."

"Look in the wastebasket," Trinkle ordered, a little vaguely. "Stay with it, stay loose," Segal agreed. "I tell you what, let's be calm. Why don't you go out there and then come back and talk again?" Trinkle snatched something. "Be careful, we'll yell at each other." Segal sat again behind his desk. "It's no wonder this girl is always suffering from headaches," he said. "We work hard hours at a stretch. She's great, she's got a mind. This is typical." He waved his hands at the chaos around him. "Anyway, she's always been like this. I just do it on a global scale at this point. I haven't changed as yet."

We talked a little about the nostalgic mood that seemed to have swept *Love Story* to its success. "I don't think there necessarily is a return to romance," said Segal. "I don't think this could be created by one book. If there is a return to romance, it's worldwide, because the book is a huge success all over. It's not like a romance in the sense of a label thrust on me that I don't accept at all. I had a very passionate, impressionable life, yes. I have a passion for everything I do. Working to me is a pleasure, a great pleasure. And I have a very nice social life. You know I'm a bookster." Sea, but such a busy bookster. He meant not have much time left for — "Oh, I have time for that. I'm very organized. When you're in chaos, but I'm very reward by organized."

But the beautiful Redcliffe girl who was going to sweep him off to Vietnam had not materialized. He mused. "Well, there was one sitting next to me at the dinner, but you never know. It turns out it's lucky I come back. I was working all last night. And now Trinkle's (sniffle), she's got to go home."

If he had it to do over again, what would he do differently? "I would have gotten a little less famous. Not successful — I don't mind that. I missed the check face. It makes privacy very difficult to achieve. I haven't done everything I do to too much. You never know when you're doing it that it's too much. It's not the lack of anyone. Every once in a while they put the best-selling author on the Johnny Carson show, and it turned out to be me four times in a row. Who knew at the time? There's nothing I did. I didn't expect. Look, I like challenges. It's just that the sum total was overexposure. You'll excuse me if I leave now." He rooked back into the wastebasket, looking for the missing items.

On the other hand, Erich Segal wants the recognition in the press that he has promotion of the book was overly modest. "That has been vastly exaggerated. I don't like that at all. I don't do that much of it. — it was just very visible. I must have done maybe 100,000 copies. I don't know. I don't know. It was more like 3,000. It's just when you're on, even in Canada, it seems like you're everywhere." He said a strictly.

On his living room and table, beside a framed proclamation that "New America Library and W. E. Hall Printing Company take great pleasure in sharing with Erich Segal a place in Publishing History" with the largest initial paperback printing (4,352,000 copies) ever, there's a bronze medal from the United Air Lines' 100,000-Mile Club's Last year Segal took a non-refundable holiday from Yale and spent it handling his book everywhere from Seattle to Cannes.

He was born and reared in Brooklyne, the oldest of three sons born to a quiet, bookish rabbi and a dainty, housewife, Jewish-Jewish mother. "My rebekah girls come from my father and whenever I display in public, with my looking and in front of my mother," Segal said. "You can say I'm the sum total of my parents. [Instead of half and half I'm all and all]."

He grew tired in his parents' "for not understanding me. I was this way from the age of two — absolutely not different. They had qualms at various periods about this absolute freedom. I required. Some kids played basketball. I did what I wanted to do, which was read books, but they never tried to make me follow a prescribed course."

Now the ex-baldy-pate has 15 cents' pounds hanging over their belts, while the forty-five year old still runs in white-pinked sneakers. "I'm very fit for 34," he confessed. "I didn't re-

shape in sports until I found one congenial to my personality." He found it through a canoeing accident at summer camp which nearly cost him his right leg. "Everything was broken. I was awful." When camp was over, he was awarded for therapy he found "with running I could get released in a way I never thought possible. I trembled myself when I ran."

He still runs 10 super-publicized miles a day, to "they always put me up in hotels near open spaces." Even in Canada? "I think perhaps you misunderstood what I said about Canada. I haven't been to any of these places. I never appeared there on TV."

(The fact is, in 1970 Erich Segal made promotional appearances in more than 10 cities, including Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Houston, Dallas, Denver, St. Louis, Kansas City, Richmond, Atlanta, San Francisco, Columbia, New York, Garden City, Hartford, Philadelphia, Detroit, Seattle, Portland, Dayton, Los Angeles, Toronto, London, Paris and Nashville, and some of these more than once. He did not, however go to Canada.)

**W**hen walked into the living room, just the passageway Segal sometimes wanders at 2 a.m. by playing melodies of Richard Rodgers and the Beatles, "that sort of stuff. The music's out of tune or I've shown you. That's another thing I have to get done, tune the piano."

We sat in his brown leather chair. Trinkle came in with the morning in art, which she'd found as a job of soul. "Okay, we won't blame anything. Segal said. "How did you do, Trinkle? Oh my God, what did I do to you? Call the Chamber of Commerce thing, please, and don't forget to clean the phone. I never get sick. Look, we should be looking at me, looking the frame of his shabby, empty fireplace. "I can't afford it. A lot of it is a psychological attitude, making up your mind to keep healthy." But the night before he had cooked himself a bunch of spaghetti that left him "a little dyspeptic," he admitted, getting his stomach. He drinks rarely, and then only wine. "American wine. I'm as much."

The big money has left no visible mark on his life, except perhaps in the bizarre phantoms he picks up when he's in California: white seals and phantoms and chairs. He's a three-year-old Marquise Comar. The kids for most of his traveling over the past year were picked up by Paramount Pictures or such local sponsors as the Cleveland Pines. What happens in all the money? Segal shrugged. "I go away at times." / continued on page 44

Beefeater outsells  
all other imported gins.

Doesn't that  
suggest something?



Distilled and bottled  
in London, England.







The reality, sir, is that the nation will survive if it is fit to survive, not otherwise

Wachsmann from page 47 / I repeat, what he says about the nation should not count. One respects the Canadian who says that the nation should reform poverty, messiness and笨拙ness, if they are required to make a clean break with its neighbor (but there can be no respect for the Canadian who says we should haggle over its integrity as a nation, because it got something for nothing).

In practical politics, sir, you will not look for logical absolutes. You know, for instance, that any government that interdicts any universities in Canada beyond a tolerable point would not only defeat itself (a small nation) but would soon find the poorest areas, and thus the rest, clamoring to join the side. Repulse.

You know that only Canadians themselves, not foreigners, can unite the work of Macdonald's Confederation. You know that in past time, no different from this, a negative policy of mutual restraint by the United States, without a positive strategy of our own, will no longer serve us. And you know that if Canada tries to stomach itself as the stark bread of hatred and wrath in a region of self-pity it will deliver itself as surely as hatred destroys any individual man. If we hate foreigners enough we shall end by hating ourselves.

Hepply that most commensurate of desires has never abolished the epidemic stage in Canada. Instead, a love, embracing tolerance, a sound direction of logic as an instructive pragmatism, so you will, has been our salvation.

Concerning the supreme Canadian problem you need no advice from me but will agree that if our dignity is not restored and other problems will be solved and the nation will not exist. At least a majority of Canadians will also agree, I think, that if you cannot make dignity work as main aim in politics is likely to succeed.

However that may be, the supreme reality beyond disagreement, the nation will survive on internal strength and external presence if it is fit to survive, not otherwise. No foreign enemy will subjugate it, short of nuclear catastrophe, so long as the United States desires it. No people of our numbers can permanently possess our vast and estate in a crowded world unless they prove their right of ownership by good management of their own, through trade, with people less fortunate. And no nation can bargain strongly with foreigners if it is weak and divided within itself.

Amazing that we can exist, as we certainly cannot evade, our double nature and gradually solve our other problems, what then? What can we do, given the limits of Canadian poverty and笨拙ness, if they are required to make a clean break with its neighbor (but there can be no respect for the Canadian who says we should haggle over its integrity as a nation, because it got something for nothing).

Before the reader scuffs at this levelled and turned-out man let me remember that it was not always a happy phrase or an excuse for doing nothing in particular. It was a profound human insight, a practical creed for free men, whose uttered by the last great American philosopher. And to grant our own thing, let us not forget Ralph Waldo Emerson's complementary dictum that the world will beat a path to the door of the man who makes a better doorway. Let us make it.

**W**hat cannot we do everything that the largest nations make. Let us therefore make them. But that we can make better — not only commercial products of excellence carrying Canada's trade mark proudly throughout the world but, more important, a quality of excellence in civility as at home, if not important of it, we could fashion a bridge across our cultural path every nation so devoted to have a path to our door, ought to have our sense.

Do our household accounts we can reckon some public ones privately understood among the family. We can try, without exaggeration, that we are doing a good many things of importance better than our neighbors.

Despite its mistakes, our national government has worked better in general than theirs. No one of our federal system, with all its strains, and President Nixon is proposing to admit it is the sharing of his revenues with the States.

Our political system is far better, as every American judge and lawyer would concede.

Our system of social welfare, through clumps, costly and in need of reform, is far much better than the United States is trying to catch up.

Our business leadership, our foreign business of position, our rate of economic growth, have been better in recent years, as the figures prove.

By good luck and taste too, our air and water, up to now, are less polluted, our streets not yet so dangerous, our habits not so violent.

Our best achievement, not so simply measured but undeniably, is a superior state of collective happiness, though the signs may be narrowing. If these signs had for comparison should encourage us to do still better, they fall lamentably below our necessities and many further below our capacities. By such a measurement we have no reason for smugness and no assurance even of survival. We have nothing more than the chance to equal these capacities and overcome these necessities in a race where time is not our enemy but our friend.

Bruckoning our past success, let us not forget, either, that it would have been impossible, and we would have no national future, if the point on our back behind like the other guests, at the neighbors of Germany, Japan,

Russia and China could verify. If the United States had followed the habits of all superpowers throughout history it would have possessed Canada by now, in fact if not in constitution. Or if it had not defended our empty half continent some foreigner would have stepped in every day.

Our landlocked position tell us, so men, that no people of our numbers at any time or place has ever accomplished, possessed and enjoyed so much — and appreciated it so dearly. But has it occurred to you, Mr. Prime Minister, that our sole as the bench mark of success tell us, so men, that no people of our numbers at any time or place has ever accomplished, possessed and enjoyed so much — and appreciated it so dearly.

To cite a few of the more obvious possibilities, what happens to Canada when the inevitable American economy expands its raw materials and waste mass of our time, we can afford to tell? How much can we spare and put into an adequate supply for our grandchildren?

On the other hand, what resources can we sell and yet maintain an adequate living standard based primarily on exports? How far can we go in limiting American investment without creating a Canadian economy vulnerable for the capital needed to employ its growing labor force?

**M**ore serious than these daily bread-and-butter needs, all under your study and all negotiable between neighbors of good sense, what happens if the American giant, rebuffed, daimon and wounded by friends and enemies abroad, turns its racist and unscrupulous in some of our own people? What if it tries to isolate itself again?

Then, too late, we would have much anti-Americanism has festered in Canada, how little anti-Canadianism in the United States, how comfortable it is to live beside a friendly neighbor with all its existing faults, how difficult beside a quarrelsome one. We always complain that Americans take us, ignorantly, for granted. So they do, but the same error in reverse is just as dangerous.

Numberless additional questions could be asked but none will do for illustration of the task before us. Maybe you have interest set yet disclosed. I have none, save the broad working rule of thumb that we should drive hard bargains but never shield our friends, should stand up stubbornly for our rights but never damage the rights of others; should be greedy with our reward possessions, generous with our outward wealth, should concentrate on building the best possible society of home, less on services to foreign societies that won't bring money, should cease more on our old pragmatic Canadian track.

less on your new statistical projections, flow charts and computer calculations. I understand in relation, fiscalist stuff such as doctors are made of. But then, what else is Canada made of? Assembly not of constitutions, laws, money or physical apparatus.

A glance through your window on Sussex Drive will show you the daily underpinnings of the nation, its whole as much greater than the sum of its parts.

Across the river lies the Laurentians. Beyond the dark hills rolling out in three distant cones is a land of swarming life and a goodly herd of human inhabitants. The land of the pebbled game has been yours since governor for the time being but, with attention for your interests, they cannot pass your bid purposes or mad your brilliant mind. Do you really know them?

Have you learned, as all your predecessors learned in success or failure, that politics are not nearly enough for the long pull, that you must find out the pebbled game has been yours since governor for the time being but, with attention for your interests, they cannot pass your bid purposes or mad your brilliant mind. Do you really know them?

He looks your brilliant but he has qualities more valuable. He has a decency, courage and honesty without that make the nation and will preserve it if you can win his trust and point is an end known and understood. Then he will follow. If you cannot, he will find another guide.

The Canadian leader sometimes has missed its way. It has never failed a single decisive test when the alternative was clear. If you are clearly the present alternatives, the right choice will be made again. Whenever else it may leak, the nation is rich in safety.

Looking through the window, you may also remember certain words and revealing words in your credo: "I have never been able to understand any discipline except that which I have imposed upon myself." Beware words, but you may not prime minister that the nation imposes discipline of a different kind on its leader and must impose that on itself. If it refuses free self-discipline it will fail, some day, a more basic discipline imposed by a foreign power or by a nemesis, home-made government. Those are the sole choices, the true imperatives.

Yes, through the window a mass of your imagination can see Canada whole, but Canada has not yet seen the extreme mass of building the best possible society of home, less on services to foreign societies that won't bring money, should cease more on our old pragmatic Canadian track.

Yours respectfully,  
RUFUS HUTCHINGS

# Come to the sands



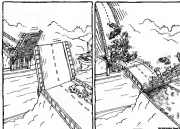
Come to the sun at the water's edge. The place of the beautiful summer people. Play volleyball, build a sandman, read, paint, work the crossword puzzle . . . Why, you might even swim. It's summertime. Send Rose. Your favorite fun time of the year for sure—if you use Tampax tampons. The internal sanitary protection designed for comfort, convenience, freedom.

Right from the start...

**TAMPAX**  
Empowered

SANITARY PROTECTION WORK INTERNALLY

MADE ONLY BY  
CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD. TORONTO, ONT.









## Electric year-round comfort control

so nice to come home to.

After sweating in the hot summer sun, there's nothing so refreshing as coming home to a house that's kept its cool with central electric air conditioning.

Year-round comfort control is now well within your reach, because one electric system does it all. Keeps every room delightfully cool as summer, cheerily warm as winter. Controls humidity, too, and freshens and cleans the air of dust and pollen.

So why are satisfied with keeping your home comfortable for less than twelve months of the year? Enjoy the clean, quiet, healthful comfort of electric climate control the whole year around.

Just ask:

your hydro 

"They're betting more money on one round than I've bet in my whole golfing life!"

Country Club from page 53 / out to his playing companions.

A good drive on a pleasant day, Gregory thought to himself, I suppose that's what we're all working hard for.

Shortly before noon, Stan Campbell found Fredy Gregory in the clubhouse's rambling main lounge at the very moment when Gregory found a strand of cobwebs dropping from the side ledge of the huge stone fireplace.

"It's wonder what I look for on my morning tour?" Gregory asked. "This is one thing — cobwebs. The other two are crooked pictures and employees with hangers."

"Well, I've got something tougher here," Campbell said in his loud, booming voice. "What do I do about someone who's been proposed for membership, almost approved, and then turns out to be an absolutely unqualified fool?"

The membership procedure at Indian Valley is as tight as men can make it. A proposer and two seconders submit a man's name. Four other members make letters of recommendation to the board of directors. The man's name is posted for two weeks, and the general membership has a chance to vote on him. If for every night favorable votes he gets no unfavorable one, he becomes a member as soon as there's space for him. He pays his \$3,000 entrance fee, his \$425 annual fee, his extras for a locker, club swinging, dining room, and so on, and he's a member in good standing.

"I know what the rules say," Campbell went on. "The thing is that this chap, Andy Phillips, has gone through all the steps except the voting, and last Thursday, when he was up here as a guest, some of the fellows noticed him dealing off the bottom of the deck — one you recognize that? — in a poker game. Well, obviously we don't want him in, but I can't tell the reason he's known around the club."

"You wouldn't be violating the rules procedure if you simply left his name off the pending list, and then told Phillips that we just haven't received his name yet? What's important is not embarrassing him and not embarrassing the club."

"Yeah, I suppose. Embarrassment — my God, I spent half my time here trying to see people down it."

Right. Kramer decided, for once, to set in bunker and not lecture to a golf party. He was fascinated by the prospect of the match

he had arranged between Gordon Giles and the Wilmington, Delaware, banker, said at 1:30 p.m. on the crowded first tee he helped work out the day's stakes. Giles said he didn't mind it all playing for his money. He was a pudgy, phlegmatic young man who worked hard at his job and usually at his job in executive vice-president of the Gains family milk company. It was an established job around Indian Valley that "all Good does is stand the Wolf River Journal drink the company's product and hit golf balls." The banker, named Marty Finkler, was younger, thin, and had a good look. His golf stroke, as he loomed up on the tee, was the only unimpressive fact about him. It was flat and too even.

One member studied Finkler for several moments and turned to another member. "He looks like a teen idol, except older — old man and, from what I hear, scores like Arnold Palmer. I wouldn't trust him."

"The loosey thing is part of the old case-on," the other member responded. "Okay, Marty baby, G.O." Kramer's voice cut across the tee. "The winners are all set."

The two were playing for \$1,000 match-play money. \$1,000 for the winner of the first round, \$1,000 for the winner of the second and \$1,000 for the winner of the 18. Each hole was worth another \$25 to his winner, carry-over, which meant that the \$25 in fund hole awarded over to one succeeding hole until someone won. And then were person on every bet permitting the loser to double the amount at any time.

"They're betting more money on one round," a watching member said, visibly awed. "That I've bet in my whole golfing life, and I'm 58."

Giles drove first and cracked his tee shot 245 yards down the center. Finkler's looked to the left but still turned as far as Giles' shot.

"Max, you put some durnt on the ball," Finkler said to Giles as they walked into their power caddy. "I do believe you intend to challenge me some old shams."

Pardon my French, but damned if the getting laid up with the way we women are treated around this place. These Women's Lib people, honestly, they don't know half about male superiority if they haven't been around a golf club."

Marty Kramer was almost through his second Tinseltown and some the

and Betty Cameron had settled into soft armchairs beside the wall-length picture window in a sister locker room. They had played 18 holes that morning in quick time, under 3½ hours. Betty wore efficient, low-handicap putters. Mary had won the ladies' club championship seven times in the 24 years she had been a member at Indian Valley. She was 43, and she had short frizzy hair and also that was going latherly in the sun. Betty was younger, 25, a first-year member, blonde or more, who let her hair grow long down her back.

You don't mind my going an about shot? Margaret said. I don't have crazy chutzpah to open up around the club any more. I've been playing too much good golf for too long, and the other girl's recent me for it. Besides, among the women is absolutely rampant. Which is one of the reasons we're stepped on by the men. We spend too much time swapping strong opinions about things like whether another girl's handicap is too large, or about whether this Martha Scott who's completely notorious for lying about her score.

"But we don't let the men. So we're always riding up with rilly jobs like decorating the clubhouse for parties. We're discriminated against, you know that. Men can play any time, but we can't play on Wednesday afternoons or before two o'clock on weekends or holidays. They give us every Tuesday on Indian Valley, but we're not allowed to make up for it, but it's really lousy morning because the men can get on the course at noon. Some day."

Maybe we'd get somewhere if we were more successful. We're always breaking our own rules. New members are supposed to come into the club in the order that they're on the waiting list, but we women cheat. Sometimes I'll tell the caddy that that 'ole, second-only a lovely girl from Emkaykay Hall, or 'I know her mother, and the whole family are such fine people, and the first thing you know the girl is jumped ahead of people who've been waiting for ages. I'm not saying that it happened to you, dear, but it does go on all the time."

Marty's glass was almost empty, and she waved vaguely at a waitress who was coming across the other side of the room at a sedate pace, carrying a tray of sandwiches and coffee to two bridge players.

That's another thing," Marty went on. "How long I command on page 58."



"I think I've just managed to negotiate the reeve into a nice little corner"

Country Club from page 35 / But He and Marty Flecker and behind the seventeenth with pit fires, and on the eighteenth, Gies tried to hit his tee shot high across the woods that defined the dogleg, but his ball fell short above the trees.

"Ah, Gieshe (creek, you're out there in Matthews' woods," Flecker said.

Flecker reached the green with two crisp shots. Gies wanted a stroke penalty out of the trap, but his third got to the apex of the green and chipped up to inch or two from the flag for a bogey five.

Flecker skinned his putt for a birdie, a 15-footer.

"The way I work it out, Marty," Ross Kramer said from the side of the green, "this putt would be you \$1,000 on the Nassau and \$400 on the hole and carry-over."

"Leave that kind of pressure!" Flecker drawled.

He knelt behind his ball and memorized the roll. The green sloped imperceptibly to the left. Flecker stood up, placed the heel of his putter on the foot of the ball and spread his legs wide, straddling the ball, his head directly over it. He placed his feet comfortably, stretched the putter behind the ball and brought the club head back. He struck the ball. It ran smoothly over the grass and met the cup on the left side. The ball hit too hard. It spun around the rim and flicked 15 inches to the right. Flecker, discomfited, stepped quickly to the ball, fired it up and struck it with a short during punch. The ball aimed toward the hole on a line and then, in a sudden puffing movement to knee, it stopped an inch short of the cup.

"I scabbled the sucker!" he scolded it.

"Awful tough break, Marty," Gies said.

Flecker flicked him a look that conveyed his colleague-boy face with swift contempt.

"I like a gambler, Marty," Kramer

said, "but I figure that these three guys are just poor reeves \$1,500." "None of you to remind me, Russell," Flecker answered, the smile back on his face. "I've got a new waiting for me at a nice old golf course in Erie, Pennsylvania and I believe I'll drive down there tonight. Well, Ross (friend, you'll have to advance me a little money on salary."

**S**tan Campbell made his way through the club's golf towered the locker room. The room was crowded. Golfers were arriving in off the course. Wednesday was traditionally the busy golf day, during back to the year when Toronto businessmen observed a half-Wednesday and full Saturday of work. Men still in golf clothes were ordering doubles at the bar and setting their bets. A few early eaters had ordered the specialty of the club, a dish borrowed from the Augusta Country Club in Georgia where the Masters tournament is played — a thin steak sandwich on toast. And in the locker room and showers had begun, mostly limbering exercises for golfers. Naked men walked slowly, carefully, small-consciousness across the carpeted floor toward the showers and others, pink and there from the best worst, were already drawing in singularly cut their trousers and in expensive work.

"Stan, come and hear the triumph!" Ben Harrison called to Campbell from his position in a stall in front of his locker. He had a Scotch in his hand and a broad grin on his face. "I think I've just managed to negotiate the reeve into a nice little corner."

"I spoke to him before the meeting and I didn't pull any punches. I told him that I personally was getting on par with the way the whole representation business was being handled. I said I didn't mind him playing his little local politics, if it went over well with the voters to talk about wiping away Indian Valley, well, all right, I said, he could talk about it

but talk was all I expected. Anything else, I told him, I'd find the reeve, and I would get him off. Stan, I haven't told you this before, or anybody else, but I've been giving the reeve some financial support at election time every year. His been in there for damn near 15 years, and I've looked him for most of them. It started out because he came to me, and I thought why the hell not. He's a good fellow and it didn't hurt to have a friend on the township council. Then it got to a situation where I supported him, fairly generously too, to keep that chip, Rudy Tumbala, from putting too much weight on the council. Well, today, I called on the reeve to give me a return on my backing. I told him to get off of this representation stuff. And you know something? He looked to it. The whole representation question was returned to a committee and that means at least a two-year 'tcho'."

"Ben," Campbell smiled. "The not keen on the traces but I love the reeve."

"There's only one thing wrong — I'm not sure how long this reeve is going to hang on to his job. He's actually a damned incompetent. Stan, if Tumbala's got anything at all on the ball he should be able to knock him off in the next election, and then what would we be?"

**G**us Johnson was liked to look across the valley at night from the equipment shed he had home to the clubhouse. He stood in black stillness but up at the clubhouse the lights were blazing on both floors and Johnson could see couples swirl at glancing while tables in the dining room, a few people dancing to the trio in the main lounge and men playing cards and drinking and laughing in the grill at the far end of the building. The night always reminded him of a grand estate liner making its way through the waves. It looked rich and luxurious and permanent. ■

**"Everything You've Ever Wanted To Know About Music But Were Too Afraid To Ask!"**

**"BROTT TO YOU—A** varied mixture of relaxed, informative conversation and short selections of recorded music hosted by Boris Broto, one of Canada's most outstanding young conductors. His musical tastes range from rock to

**AM/2-30pm**  
**SUNDAYS**  
**CBC**  
**RADIO**  
**FM/8-10pm**  
**TUESDAYS**

folk to the classics. His aim? To take the serious out of serious music. Upcoming programs include: *Humor*; *Beethoven*; *Serious Musicians*; *We Get a Kickback Out of You*; *Whatever Happened to the Sackbut*; *Money & Music*; and *Back To Back*.



We would like to dedicate the summer vacation guide to Summerside, PEI's oyster soup, to Portofino, BC's peach wine, to Camrose, Alberta's gooseberry tarts, to Moncton, New Brunswick's apple pie and there's always room for more.

**ALBERTA** Stop in anytime this month at the North West Mounted Police Museum in Fort Macleod for a guided tour with historic guides from the 19th century including rangers from some of Canada's most famous Indian chiefs. The same guide for Fort Whoop Up in Lethbridge, a complete re-enactment of a notorious Fort Whoop Up battle against the Indians, is possible to Edmonton anytime from July 22 to 31 and adds the hanging of the notorious Dave Fenner. You can also see the hanging of the

## 22/31

## JULY 3

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** In Nelson (July 3 to 10) there is a three-day square-dancing jamboree with imported American callers, much music, eating and a festival fest. July 17 to 26 there is a Sea Festival in Vancouver which includes many aquatic events. To take in BC July 25th see the entire province celebrate Confederation.

# JULY 31

THE NORTH Cities that are growing endlessly through the real estate you can attend and go to all means. The Kipling Festival in Downside City The Design Festival goes on every night in the Prince Grand Theatre and every day Robert Services executive (artists are used in the cities in which he lived). The Cell was never this

ALBERTA The 25th Annual Medicine Hat Exhibition and Stampede has just ended (July 21) and it is time to attend the Geminos Agricultural Fair (August 2 to 4). Once suffered on stands at home-baked apple pie and gooseberry tart, index in his Westfield for more pie. index tarts were groundbreaking footsteps at this agricultural fair (August 4 to 7). Then up to Banff to watch the last week of his author festival.

## 22

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** The Ketchikan International Festival is one of the most significant aquatic shows on this continent. It features 150 water-sport competitions and hydroplane championships. Both the events and the Penikese Peak Festival, with its wild west rodeo and queen coronation, take place about the same time (August 4 to 8). Take your choice. A day after the peak festival in Penikese, one of North America's largest square-dance

## AUG. 13







Kierans: "I said no, I couldn't modify my remarks. Then I wrote my resignation!"

Kierans from page 66 of that [Robert] Bruce went from being Deputy Minister of Finance over to the Prime Minister's Office as his economic adviser, and [Brent] Kennedy, who had been secretary of the Treasury Board, went over to being Deputy Minister of Finance, and Al Johnson, who had been economic adviser to the Prime Minister, went in as secretary of the Treasury Board. That was not so much a compensation as a game of musical chairs. Some people were still getting the same advice.

A minister who has blasted his record on that reform in court, committee and the full Cabinet can still appeal directly to the Prime Minister, although, Kierans says, "It's not something you do too often, or you begin to get in dirty fishing."

He told this tactic once late in 1968. On October 26, the German government had revealed the mark's upward "Wende" (turning) to 10 guys I was in the Prime Minister's office seeing him about something the not in I was about to have I said, "There, I know it's not my affair but I want you to talk to the Bank of Canada and the Department of Finance. The Germans revealed the mark last week and if the Americans can make two other countries follow suit, that is, as far as the Japanese, they will be successful in changing the exchange rate for the three biggest trading countries. In effect, they will have reduced the American dollar and as far as their own inflation. That's what they're up to and I think we'd better do something about our own dollar."

The "something" Kierans had in mind was to remove the Canadian dollar from its fixed rate of exchange and allow it to float upward to meet the American pressure — in effect, to roll with the punch. But the Prime Minister was getting contrary advice from everybody else, so nothing happened. By the time Canada did go to the floating rate, we had poured huge sums into buying U.S. currency to hold on our own dollar.

Kierans went back to see the Prime Minister. "I said, 'What was the last time after I spoke to you that you heard anything about the flexible dollar?' He said he wasn't sure but he thought it was perhaps six months later. I said, 'No, it was one, it was in June, 1969, twelve years later.'"

Revised moral satisfaction: Kierans gained nothing from such direct approaches to Trudeau. Always he felt, there were other factors at stake, and usually they had to do with politics.

"As Minister of Communications I was making speeches that Canada should build on its vital industry. We own 85% of it and it's an area where we could easily expand. I said left's go after this, but what do I see happening?" The Department of National Economic Expansion gives \$22 million to Control Data (a U.S. firm) to set up a plant in Quebec City. Then Regional Economic Expansion gives six million dollars to IBM to build a plant in Monctonville. Who can compete with that? It just doesn't add up. You may create a few jobs temporarily and destroy a whole Canadian industry."

**I**t was on the economic issue that Kierans finally broke with the government. The 1980 budget of December, 1978, provided for 115% dependence on new plant and equipment. "It was a bet to lose the market was a bet of a hurry, but the effect was to discriminate against labor and in favor of capital. If you're going to build a factory for two million dollars that employs 50 people, and the thing comes along, you know that maybe you can build a factory with more machinery in it for three million dollars that employs only 30 people. It may not be the best way in the long run to investigate the plant, but if you're a tax gift of \$400,000, so you do it that way. People use the 30 new jobs, what they don't see is that there might have been 50 new jobs, and that makes with decision-making has been distorted." What's more, it's the guys with money that can build plant and equipment in a hurry and use them this is really the Americans. It is a crash program like this you're not building from scratch, you're pulling stuff off the shelf. The Americans are the ones with the full shelves, so all the long-term benefits go across the border.

Kierans attacked the budget proposals in Cabinet, but it was, of course, too late; they were already government policy. "So I went away and brooded about it for a while."

During the next three months he contacted a number of economists for help in preparing a final argument for the Prime Minister, although he had little real hope of having the policy reversed. By the end of April he had convinced all his facts and, on April 27, went to lunch with the Prime Minister at 24 Sussex Drive. "He listened very politely. I told him I was going to make a speech on economic policy and exactly what I was going to say. He asked me if I couldn't

modify my remarks — he wasn't asking me not to make the speech — so that I could stay in the Cabinet. I said no, I couldn't, so I went home and wrote out my letter of resignation." (That night, Kierans telephoned his 16-year-old mother to tell her what he was up to. "Are you doing the right thing, Eric?" she asked. "Yes, Mommy, I am." There was a pause, and then, "Can you get another job?")

The real economic issues were never defined between Trudeau and his teenage Cabinet minister, only the political issue of how the differences could be smoothed out. Kierans felt he was battling against smoke. "There are two kinds of conservative governments. One is a government that considers money carefully and then comes down on the conservative side. That is honest conservatism. The other government just won't listen to anything it doesn't already know."

Perhaps it was inevitable that Kierans would not flourish in the crisscross confusion of federal politics; he has always been a free-lancer. As Director of the McGill School of Contract from 1953 to 1960, he worked with the University Endowment, as president of the Montreal and Canadian Stock Exchanges from 1960 to 1963, he dabbled with his own board of directors and tried at regional fiscal policy, which he moved to the Quebec government as Jean Lesage's Minister of Revenue in 1963, he became involved in a series of meeting bodies with the Catholic Church, of which he is a devout member, and from which he retired on following a fair share of time. No such time could fit easily into the tight world of Trudeau's Cabinet, but his career from that body will leave many Canadians, including Liberals, with profound misgivings.

Kierans labored under the delusion that he had been sent to Ottawa to speak his mind, he spoke it, and now he is gone. He soon learned what it is to fall from grace.

A few days after his resignation, his secretary adapted the Communications Department to ask for numbered boxes in which the former minister could pack his papers and books. A departmental official, who had always been a famous advisor, said that, there were undoubtedly a lot of empty boxes around the place and, yes, Kierans could have some of them. Plus, said the secretary, and could the official arrange to send them over? "Look," came the reply, "if he wants them, let him come and get them."

## We put more of our time, money and effort into news than any other radio station.



We devote a third of our station staff to keeping you better informed than in many Toronto's news-oriented press news team, with full-time reporters at City Hall, Queen's Park, and on the Police beat. Travel reporters in editors and reporters. Top specialists in sports, weather and education. The Newsline network, linking us to Ottawa and the world. And we will own our own independent for non-union coverage of film, crime and pollution — plus the helpful outdoorist. Unhappy traffic reports.

### 590/CKEY NEWS

**We put more into it so you'll get more out of it.**

"This is the first diet I've felt  
I will be able to stick to and  
I'm encouraged."  
Mrs. A.N. Winnipeg.

"...had a continuous weight loss  
since starting this diet."  
Miss K.S. Yorkton, Sask.

"I think 20 lbs loss is wonderful  
and I'm the envy of my friends."  
Mrs. L.W. Toronto.

"Thanks." That's what we're hearing from happy readers all over  
Canada who signed up for Chardiana's Made-To-Measure Diet. A  
weight control program so effective that we guarantee success or  
your money back!

This unique program was developed by a team of leading physicians,  
psychologists and nutritionists. It's totally effective because it's  
made-to-measure around information you supply. You tell us the  
foods you enjoy, your food budget, your daily activities, your social  
life. We feed this data into our computer. And the result is a  
weight control program for you alone. That's why it works  
whether you're overweight or underweight. Regardless of your age.  
Since it's a scientifically planned program, not a fad diet, you'll stay  
your ideal weight as long as you wish. And all it costs you is 90 cents  
a week.

For full details on Chardiana's Weight Control Plan (W) in the  
caption. Nothing else measures up to it.

The Chardiana Weight Control Plan		(W)
481 University Avenue		
Toronto 3, Ontario		
Please send me full information on the plan. I understand there's no obligation.		
(Please include 25 cents for handling and mailing)		
Name	.....	
Address	..... Apt. ....	
City	.....	
Postal Zone	..... Prov. ....	

## THEATRE BY FRANK McENANEY

February was especially bad this year. Cold, bleak and solid-  
deep in gray, corrosive slush. About mid-month, the bro-  
thens from Stratford arrived. For me, opening it is almost  
a magical rite, like the medieval custom of "Carrying out  
Dion." "They right this way, folks, buy your tickets, and we  
guarantee, absolutely guarantee, tomorrow'll arrive this year,  
right on schedule." In the February brochure even the swans  
look good; swans, nonetheless, birds who float along the  
Avon, graceful and graceful, like the lines in a Shakespeare  
sonnet. Not at all the rusty, scrawny birds they so often are  
in reality. The season this year has a fine balance to it: two  
tragedies, *Macbeth*, and John Webster's *The Duchess Of  
Melfi*, and two comedies, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and  
Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

It's a beautiful May morning when I arrive in Stratford to  
see Gosh Auld Spring's a good time to see the play, for  
spring, after all, is what Shakespeare usually is all about.  
Moreover, I'm to see it with a student audience. Like the  
girls, flowers and trees out-  
side, they too are bursting  
with bloom. Their presence  
fills the theatre with a special  
kind of energy. The house  
lights dim, then go black —  
giggles, laughs, giggles, in  
3,500 adolescent imaginations  
frenetic on the exquisite pre-  
sentations of all these bodies  
around the darkness. Once  
things get going, however,  
they grow themselves an  
enormous audience as unworldly  
as an April day, but en-  
thusiasm, spontaneity and in-  
tellect direct to their response.  
Very Elizabethan, in fact.

The characters in *Much Ado*, as directed by Wilham Hurt,  
are straight out of an Ashby Broadway past. As a style, it  
works beautifully: a graceful, witty, loose and slightly pro-  
sopical — all qualities particularly apt for *Much Ado*. As the  
play progresses, deception builds on deception, with Don John  
(a black thread who weaves in and out of the brightly colored  
tapestry) repeatedly adding to the confusion. Just when an-  
other man must blink, Dogberry and his watchmen stand  
on stage (behind me, I hear). "Boy, do I ever like the fat guy  
— you know, the one with the hat?" and right before our  
eyes the whole screw-up scene gets instantly straightened  
out. Spring has sprung, and the reunion of Hero and Claudio  
is greeted by a thunderous roar of approval. The play ends  
with a delightful Desdemona dream, evolving from the waltz  
to the frag — an exquisite touch which brings the young audi-  
ence weeping and cheering to its end.

After the show, I talked with Wilham Hurt, now associate  
director of the festival. Unlike the adolescent consciousness  
he pretends so brilliantly on stage, Hurt is a sophisticated,  
thoughtful, classically very deep man. Since I'm a playwright,  
I was interested in why the festival, now in its nineteenth year,  
has premiered the work of only four Canadian writers: Don-  
ald Jack, Michael Ondaatje, James Smiley and Tom Hickey.

Speaking ex officio Hurt made it clear that he'd like to see  
more new work, but unfortunately Canadian writers have a  
bad reputation at the box office. "Whether or not foreign  
playwrights are better, people certainly aren't convinced they are,"  
I thought of last year's Avon Theatre season — three plays  
by foreign authors. Webster, an Englishman, Marryat, a Pole,  
and Arrabal, a Spaniard. The experiment at least proved one  
thing: bawling out at the box office is not an exclusively  
Canadian trait. Hurt agreed. "Last year we learned that the  
Avon is our Broadway House. David Harrow would've  
loathed those plays, and neither should've we." Later, artistic  
director Jess Gossain elaborated. "The festival's budgeted  
for an overall copying of 1935. That means if over we fail,  
as we did last year at the Avon, we'll go straight to rights no  
matter how. Right now, I've got two Canadian plays. I've  
much more interested in doing that I honestly don't feel they're  
ready for the Avon. With the way things are now, that means  
they don't get done. Hopefully, our new third stage will  
change that. Then, we can try out new plays and see if they  
work. If they do, good, if not, we haven't lost our shirt."

At one point during my conversation with Wilham Hurt  
he reminded me how it felt to be an actor in Canada prior  
to the opening of the festival. "In the 1940s," he said, "we  
were like the two clowns in Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*,  
waiting around, waiting around, waiting around, waiting  
waiting for something to happen. For us, Godot was the  
Gosh Auld arrived." It was the Stratford Festival, above all  
else, that gave the Canadian actor a sense of identity, goals  
and purpose.



As I listened to Hurt speak,  
I couldn't help thinking, "As  
you were then, we are now."  
What the Canadian play-  
wright needs is someone to  
make that same shared play  
of faith, to say, yes, we'll put  
you on, not so much for what  
you are but for what you  
someday might be. And who  
more appropriate than Strat-  
ford? After all, it is Canada's  
National Theatre And, as  
such, doesn't it have some  
responsibility to the country's  
writers, as well as to her  
own, designers and directors?

Okay. Actually, I'm tak-  
ing too narrow a view. Eighteen years ago, in answer to some  
of the same criticism I'm making now, Tyrone Guthrie wrote  
that, although the festival hadn't done any Canadian plays,  
it had given the native writer something of tremendous im-  
portance — the opportunity to see the great classics per-  
formed by a foreigner company. I believe myself that the  
festival's influence goes even deeper than this. Somehow,  
Stratford's third stage is not merely trespassing Shakespeare  
it had given the native writer something of tremendous im-  
portance. Healy, like the staging at Stratford, is all accom-  
modation and flow, the actors flows where the pack tides it, helter-  
skelter all over the rank, one play inevitably flowing into the  
next, as do the scenes in a Shakespeare play. We're in a unique,  
wild country, mostly untamed, and the open stage, with its  
freedom, more expansive style, seems particularly suited to this.

Nineteen years ago, when the festival first opened, the  
hubs with whom I opened this year's *Much Ado* weren't  
even born. For them, that stage is not something new, strange  
and revolutionary, but simply the way they've always seen  
Shakespeare done. It's a pity, I suspect it's well into their heads  
I know it is now. ■

McEnaney is a Toronto playwright.

# FILMS

BY JOHN HOFESS

In the classic western the hero was unconventional, stoically sensual and did most of his thinking as if he had a bullet lodged in his back. The western was a profoundly satisfying myth, a permutation on the folk tale of the hero who saves the world. The western was a looking glass world in which all the values of modern man were reversed. While our urban landscapes became architecturally grotesque ideologies of high-rise buildings and sprawling ghettos, the western horizon was grandeur and patriotism. While modern man became a constant personification of sedentary professions and artificial pleasures, the western hero walked twice a year and preached his will with a whip. We walk but he is engaged, we do as we're told but he did as he pleased. We get bogged down in ethical ambiguities and civil wars — "here's your gun to be used on both sides" — he quickly dispatched every problem with a forceful solution and unclouded conscience. Whenever Wyatt Earp might do a Charlie Mason or Jacques Robin, he would not have given them their entire millions of dollars.

The western preserved psychological aesthetics, too. The relationships it gave went attention to — sexual love and marriage — are those with which contemporary man is familiar, while the ones it depicted have become virtually extinct: loyal friendships, respectful love between fathers and sons, three-generation households in which grandfathers and young children live together, and the personal autonomy of small-town life. Nowadays the atomized family is the basic social unit. Friendship has been devoted to mass hospitality, employment efficiently depersonalized and more homes and apartments are cells of anonymity.

Twentieth-century man, chafing under the strain of technological order and cleanliness, craved the western to get the hell out. Women, dogs, duets, "bushier talk," "hook turns" and gaudy western games were jammed together in a debaucherous smooch from the East. In 1916, and 1919-century games and letters written by Coward and American writers of the period there is no evidence of such an anti-rationalized violence or obsession with aesthetics. The western, though it is set in the past, is actually about the present, and it is the creation of sensitive cowboys already so delicate that watching *The Wild Bunch* in an air-conditioned theatre or flannel on color TV is sufficient extinction, and to watch the dream of adventure and independence is sufficient for freedom itself.

Now even the dream is lost. In *Shane* and *Wyatt Earp* there was a new note of mourning in the hero, as if he was reluctant to kill. In *Wild Poney* he even died. In the "pre-choleraic western" he has no longer rules off into the sunset but a long day's journey into evening. In *Zerkow* he smokes pot and looks paranoid. A San Francisco film

maker, Alan de Rooy, has even made a photographic western *Powder River* the ultimate in "adult western," you have to be 21 to see it. (Cyprus who supported the western hero of cowboy and other Westerners now has the western western confirmed.) John Huston's *The Music* and John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* picked the bones of the western's essence, showing us the dispute between the mythic hero and contemporary society. In *Midnight Cowboy* Joe Buck makes a symbolic return to the East and represents more radicals and loneliness than the western hero ever did in the old West. Through the so-called "apogee western" from Italy to *Forlão de Babilônia*, *The Good*, *The Bad* and *The Ugly*, women offered and big-budget productions such as *Valdez for Valley* or *John Wayne's epic* *The Cowboys* (to be released in Christmas) say that large profits, the western has lost its creative energies. No longer a compelling myth, it's just another movie.

When gods and heroes die it's because the human need for them has vanished, but because faith has become unimportant. None of the movie genres that previously contained heroes — the adventure, the superhero, the western — is in working order. The sole exception is science fiction (the only movie type in which the debility of heroes has not yet occurred), maintaining its popularity with films like 1991's *James Cameron's* *Master of the Universe*, *James Cameron's* *TRAIKIN*. The whole, glorious, unclouded environment of adolescence is so far removed from a complex city than it is the unclouded world of the western west, and that allows science fiction to become a vehicle for wish-fulfilling myth.

Like the western, science fiction expresses our dream of the present and a longing for what has become. Astronauts speed past in deep space with the bulk of a monastery on social nature and their rational, good-natured disposition contrasts sharply with the angry mood of earthbound animals. All is calm, all is bright, on the astronaut's night night. *TRAIKIN* written and directed by 25-year-old George Lucas, also has modern films of the same life is reversed favorable action. Broadcast at the box office, *Lucas's* *Star Wars* became an ancient classic. While misconstrued the psychological aspect of science fiction (describing a future world in which human acts (dictated by the government) are a crime and in which the total where environment is evil, sinister and oppressive. The film failed — it is the popular sense — because it denied people the chance to fantasize optimistically about the future in relation to the present. The *Star Wars* films depicted a love of technology (even promoting its results as computer rendered) and devoted to delirium on such a scale of equipment (as some people complained 2000) but these before it that its success was somewhat disrupted.

Science fiction (more imaginatively than the western) offers perhaps one individual as self-sufficiently able to control any problem (computer malfunctions, violent plagues, robots that run amok and extraterrestrial mutants, etc.) With a laser gun at his hip, the science-fiction hero preserves "law and order" as a cosmic rule. Either the laser can save him or it can destroy him. In the western the hero is an extremely limited set of moral character in the context of his surroundings, not only his but transgenerational. He has a hero with 100 forms, indispensable to our fantasy life.

*John Huston is a prize-winning Canadian film director*

# MUSIC

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

In this disposable culture of ours, nothing is more profitable than pop music. Whether your favorite pop record is at the moment you already know no matter how much you like it, that by this time next week you'll have found another. The average pop song has a life expectancy of — what? About 30 minutes? After that you're not in it. You've used it up. Looking for something new? Well, that's what makes pop music fun. You don't have to listen a dozen times to Gordon Lightfoot's new single, say, to really get into it. It's all there on the surface where you can get at it the first time around. Still, sometimes you crave something durable.

It was 1966, the album was *Revolver*, the song was *Eleuterio Ruffy*, and the Beatles — then their creative hearts were finding surreal with language themes, giving shape to our first real taste into classical music. If we called "good music" had seemed dirty and slightly unattractive (all that Italian construction) before, it was less than we so humbled the myth. "Oh, look at all the steady people."

It was to classical pop, the Beatles, by groups like *Procol Harum*, *Art and the New York* and *Rolling Stones*, and by managers like *John B. (The Beatles)*, *Benji (The Beatles)*, *Benji (The Beatles)* and *Neil Chilton (Neil Chilton)*. The *Songs of Gordon Lightfoot* — a song of our developed a taste for the real thing. It was the new audience for classical music — one that made *Twentieth-Century* for the last best expression of the new symphony of the new life is classical music of 1966 — and last year it did the same for *Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21*, the usual track music from the *Has There* *Madison*.

Strangely, you'd have expected the pop music genre looking for something more substantial to have turned to just back, notwithstanding the growing bastions of rock, it isn't happened. *Class*, modern just saying, is too trivial, too shallow, too hip. Used to the simple and formal bias, and creative thrust of pop, the pop music design is more comfortable with the simple and formal baroque and romantic of the 18th and 19th centuries. The qualities we need to appreciate in such groups as *Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young* — formal structures, beautiful melodies, accented rhythm — are the qualities we find in a somewhat more sophisticated and much less profitable form in the music of such composers as *Vivaldi*, *Mozart*, *Handel* and *Bach*.

Another apparent contradiction: a pop music fan, you'd suppose, would show a preference for the modern, 20th-century composers — *Stravinsky*, *Schubert*, *Wagner*, *Pastor*, *Shostakovich*, *Bartok*, *Bizet*, *Debussy*, *Carter* and *Capricorn* — but, you'd not be so, and the reason, once more, is a disposition toward simple rather than complex, emotional rather than intellectual, lyrical rather than abstract music. Thus the attraction to the baroque composers

of the 17th century — *Bach*, *Vivaldi*, *Scarlatti*, *Handel*, *Gluck*, *Telemann* — and, slightly less, the romantic composers of the late 19th century — *Chopin*, *Liszt*, *Schubert*, *Wagner*, *Mozart*, *Debussy*, *Prokofiev*, *Chostakovich*. One of the three major classical composers of the 18th and early 19th century, only *Mozart* and *Bach* appear to pop sensibility; *Handel*, like modern composers, is too "heavy" for simple white dancers of classical music is just beginning. Soberly, for the music, is timeless. It would be disastrous, for instance, to start your record collection with *Handel's* *also symphonies* (a record collection, as matter how modest, is here essential, so little classical music is broadcast anymore). What follows, then, is a selection of classical music, some chosen (with a little help from my friends) specifically for pop music people. There are two approaches: by instrument (most of us are fond of the guitar, for example, and find classical guitar music particularly to our liking) and by composer.

First by composer. *Bach*: *The Bach Album*, Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MG 30012); *Antonio Vivaldi*, *Plays 2*, S. Bach on the gold superlaid and super (Columbia MS 3399). *Vivaldi*: *The Four Seasons*, *Vivaldi's 4 Seasons* (Angel 51577), *Concerto for Two Trumpets*, *Violino Chamber Orchestra* (Columbia 44012). *Handel*: *Water Music*, *Violino Chamber Orchestra* (Angel 51671). *Mozart's* *Opera*, *Carl Orff* with the *Fidelis Sinfonia* (RCA LSC 7047). *Haydn*: *Symphony No. 100* and *Symphony No. 101*, *Margaret Wilder* conducting the *Venezia State Opera Orchestra* (Vanguard 8117).

*Debussy*: *Concerto for 4 Pianos*, *Carl Orff* with the *Saint Chamber Orchestra* (Nonesuch 71054). *Mozart*: *Concerto No. 21* and *Concerto No. 17*, *Gregory* and the *Salzburg Chamber Orchestra* (Deutsche Grammophon DG 134783). *The Mozart Piano Quartets*, *Jan Peeters* (Columbia 44012). *Handel*: *Water Music*, *Violino Chamber Orchestra* (Angel 51671). *Mozart's* *Opera*, *Carl Orff* with the *Fidelis Sinfonia* (RCA LSC 7047). *Haydn*: *Symphony No. 100* and *Symphony No. 101*, *Margaret Wilder* conducting the *Venezia State Opera Orchestra* (Vanguard 8117).

*Verdi*: *Maria* (Angel 286504), *Prokofiev* and *Liszt* from *Verdi* and *Prokofiev*, *George Selig* conducting the *Cleveland Orchestra* (Columbia 44012). *Chostakovich*: *Piano Concerto No. 2*, *Prokofiev*, *George Selig* conducting the *Cleveland Orchestra* (Columbia 44012). *Chostakovich*: *Piano Concerto No. 2*, *Prokofiev*, *George Selig* conducting the *Cleveland Orchestra* (Columbia 44012). *Chostakovich*: *Piano Concerto No. 2*, *Prokofiev*, *George Selig* conducting the *Cleveland Orchestra* (Columbia 44012).

By instrument. *Guitar*: *Martin Tapes*, *Plays* *Bach* (Deutsche Grammophon 2530-006). *As Evening of Eliza*, *Robert Martin* with *John Brown*, *Isis* (RCA LSC 68526). *Organ*: *Mozart's* *Opera* of *George Selig* (Columbia 44012). *Handel*: *Water Music*, *Violino Chamber Orchestra* (Angel 51671). *Mozart's* *Opera*, *Carl Orff* with the *Fidelis Sinfonia* (RCA LSC 7047). *Haydn*: *Symphony No. 100* and *Symphony No. 101*, *Margaret Wilder* conducting the *Venezia State Opera Orchestra* (Vanguard 8117).

*John Macfarlane is an associate editor of* *Nachrichten*

COWBOYS OR ASTRONAUTS HAPPINESS IS STILL A WARM GUN



COULD YOU LEARN TO LOVE THIS MAN'S MUSIC?



# BOOKS BY DONALD CAMERON

Short and broad-shouldered Donald Lee takes the throne of *Amos* (as yet) in a battered chair in his study, scribbling making these astounding claims. He tells me that by not knowing English Canada has produced no fewer than 59 screen novels; its own the wheel of Margaret Laurence (aka Marjorie Ruskell). He thinks Canadian fiction is exploding right before our eyes.

Lee is not taking about, say, Basil Jackson, whose *Exile* (McClelland) — an informative account of an novelist in a medium energy planet near Toronto — is really a special form of postmodernism. Lee is talking about writers whose interest is in the devious changes of the human heart and mind, artists who want to change the way we encounter experience. And in the past 10 years we have had a wide variety of them. Some are experienced — Laurence, Cohen (*Beautiful Losses*) or Graham Gibson (*Five Lays*); others are honestly traditional — James Boucher (*The Leech*) or George Bowering (*Where Do The Flowers*). Some set their novels in Africa — David Knight (*Foraphen*), Philip and Audley Thomas (*Mid Blood*) — or in New York (John Sweeney, *Being Out*) or Paris (Lawrence Garber, *Tales From The Quiver*). Others stay home. John Butler (*Cabbage-own Diary*) sometimes turns into poverty. Percy James (*Mount Of Mine*) and Harold Howard (*Tomorrow Will Be Sunday*) find drama in darkness. Newfoundland George Fennell's tale is Vancouver (*Abeyance*). Peter Smith is Elliot Lake (Fall-out).

High Noon's current novel, *A Glimpse Of Time*, probes the lives of a group of Montreal swimmers — notably Roger Talbot, who Hood says is not based on his former University of Montreal colleague, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. David Levert Smith's *Smash Out* captures the politics of a peace demonstration. Merit Peart's *The Headless Statute* sketches the mysteries of the Melis. Margaret Atwood (*The Edible Woman*) is interested in womanhood and communism, Jack Leach (*Confessions*) in adolescent loneliness. And then there are Michael Yarem and Charlotte Fiddler and Adrienne Clarkson and Scott Spivack and Claudio Jacono. Not to mention the first novel in Atwood's Spiderhead series — novels by Russell Martin, Ruskell Wyatt, Matt Cohen, Michael Chertow.

Every year, it seems, delivers its cargo of skilful and sophisticated new novels. Take Martin Myers and Richard Wright, for instance. The hero of Wright's first novel, *The Worked Man* (McClelland), is a 30-year-old publisher's salesman named Mrs. Wakeham, who describes a wealthy man as "a person who has abandoned the present in favor of the past or the future," a person who "never learns to live with the wandering women." Wasn't Elliott Lake his life very seriously, though he is amiable and kindly, his link of with the industry the twenty, not seven, annual lies. Good and

strident, *The Worked Man* is a delight. Martin Myers' *The Anonymous* (Harper and Row) is a story of treason, a philosophical comedy, a romantic, verbal joke, an intellectual marriage (for marriage), and an extraordinarily readable book. Spoiled, Myers' publisher here, believes he has been "assigned" to be a publisher; he daily reads earlier assignments which involved writing *Das Kapital* and *Chomsky's* making him to *Chomsky's*, *Chomsky's* husband and saying, "Mr. Winters, come here, I want you." Spoiled regards himself in a collection of deep emotions. *Spoiled* means more in German, and *The Anonymous* means another brilliant novelist in Canada.

If Wright and Myers resemble their contemporaries, we will have more novels from them. The new novelists are not onebook authors; they are writers, people who are in it to stay. Robert Kroese published his first novel in 1955; by 1959 he was winning a Governor General's Award for his third, *The Snowdrift Man*. When Dave Godfrey won the award last year for his first novel, *The New American*, he had already published a collection of short stories and edited two other books. Aukin C. Clark, the talented West Indian who makes his home in Toronto, has published three novels. Timothy Findley bowed in with *The Last Of The Crazy People* in 1967 and two years later published *The Asterley House*, a heavily French, set in southern California, of cultural squallor, natural horror and the war of Nations.

If Findley is ambitious, so in their different ways are Rudy Wicks and Martin Engel. Wicks' third novel, *The Blue Mountains Of China* (McClelland and Stewart), is a sweeping account of the progress of several Mainland Chinese leaders out of Russia via China and Germany to Canada and Paraguay. In route, his Mainland counter-questions about politics and culture, love and knowledge. An experienced and tough-minded novel, *Blue Mountains* asks where all about our search for God is a world full of these things.

On the surface, Martin Engel's second novel, *The Nightman Festival* (Anansi), could hardly be more different — but it may pose hard questions about the way we live now. Mrs. Bange, nearing 40 and pregnant with her third, looks a party after a his festival confined to her long dead mother's love, Hester. Laid out through her long night, balancing his memories and present joys against the daily stresses. Mrs. Bange often is with, occasionally to eloquence. "Some days they all throw their food at me and Norman comes home and surveys the mess and gets out again in the morning, and I think, somebody's dead or close, long ago."

In the next future, says Dennis Lee, the experiment may view Canada — like Nigeria and the West Indies in the recent past — as the place where the existing new fiction is coming from. As I said the new novelists, the idea seems less feasible.

Not A One-Way Street, by James Donnan, Clark, Irwin & Co., \$9.25. The chronicle of Donnan's 46 years in the Canadian agricultural implement industry, this book is as all too true, firsthand glimpse into the corridors of Canadian business. The understatement of the chapters on E. P. Taylor's tale-of-two of Murray-Pearson (and Donnan's daughter) is a tribute to the author's good nature and sense of duty. ■

Don Cameron teaches English at the University of New Brunswick.

# Break out the frosty bottle

and keep your  
Collins dry!



Cream of the Crop

*the gentle art  
of milder smoking*



## **CRAVEN "A" FILTERS BEST** *for good taste in smoking!*

It is a fine art to make a cigarette that is mild and good-tasting.  
Craven "A" matches traditional craftsmanship with cream of the crop tobaccos  
to create this cigarette of unusual quality.